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INCORPORATING ESCORT
Volume 37: Number 4 40p
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Published by PAUL RAYMOND

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I'm told that, to the average man, a magazine's printing only becomes important if it is exceptionally bad: in an effort to disprove that assumption, I'd be grateful if you would look very carefully at the production of this month's issue. It should appear different to previous editions because we have changed our printing process from Web Offset to Photogravure. I don't intend to bore you with some lengthy technical report on the merits of Gravure printing (one reason being that I'm not too well versed on the subject myself). What I will say is that for many years Photogravure has been accepted as the best and most accurate method of production available. It is also the most expensive and only becomes possible when a magazine reaches a circulation in excess of 300,000. Thanks to your remarkable support and interest in the new *Men Only*, we sailed past that figure a couple of months ago—and now we are very glad to be able to show our gratitude by offering you the best all-round magazine production in the country.

With 108 pages (almost 75 per cent in colour) this issue bears witness to our continuing success: not even our rivals will now deny that *Men Only* is the highest selling monthly magazine in this country—and Paul Raymond and myself will vouch that as our circulation grows even larger, we will pass on all the benefits to our readers by way of more pages, more colour and even livelier and more controversial features; although a more spectacular photo pictorial than this issue's *Raymond Revuebar* sequence would be hard to imagine. Our distinguished publisher has certainly excelled himself with this year's show, presenting a vast line-up of exotic artistes in a dazzling performance of modern erotica which dims the opposition in much the same way as his magazine has done in the publishing field (I'm sorry, I just *can't* stop bragging).

Incidentally, the *Raymond Revuebar* pictures were taken by our resident photographer *Michael Bramman*—and if you fancy yourself as rather an expert cameraman, take a look at the details of our nude photographic competition on page 94. There's £1,000 to be won—and the chance of branching out into an exciting and lucrative new career.

Finally, recommended reading in this edition comes by way of an original and unpublished short story by Paul (*Mouth and Oral Sex*) Ableman entitled *What Did Plato Do?*, a new series, based on fact, called *Memoirs of Amy* and another absorbing study of deviant sexual behaviour by Karl Steiner. And, of course, there's always *Fiona*, seen speeding around bend as well as bed in an unusual double appearance. By God! That girl works hard/*Tony Power.*

Paul Raymond and friends (page 32)

Fiona and bends (page 75)

Underwear and trends (page 60)

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Books

Art of Obscenity

In *Pornography or Art?* (Words & Pictures, £7·00), Poul Gerhard asks the inevitable question. The word 'pornography' comes from the ancient Greek meaning 'of prostitution' and since no stigma was attached to prostitution in ancient Greece, the author is able to say, "From this basic viewpoint, so diametrically opposed to the Christian one, the word pornography can be interpreted in its proper context. Pornographic art is, in the original meaning of the term, 'innocent' and totally free of religious or moral dogma." Mr. Gerhard's book *certainly* is.

It is well-written and well-produced and takes the reader on an excursion of pornography through history from ancient to modern times, devoting separate chapters to individual artists such as Gustave Courbet and Pablo Picasso. However, one should not be 'put off' by the scholarly treatment for the book abounds with illustrations which are admittedly beautiful and of artistic quality but as randy as hell! They are explicit: they depict fucking in every conceivable position; the erect penis and the cunt; male and female masturbation; troilism and voyeurism; orgies involving all permutations of sexual activity; and fellation and cunnilingus.

Pornography, however, drops some pretty bad acid during the middle ages, thanks to Christianity, and suffers so badly from suppression and hypocrisy that it cannot compare in quality with ancient Greek, Roman and Japanese pornography. One in particular, a coloured lithograph by Peter Fendi, made me laugh out loud. It depicts two circus acrobats, the man standing on one leg on a galloping horse whilst balancing a lady in his arms and fucking her in mid-air. *Billy Smart is* really *missing out.*

Félicien Rops's vaginas are almost photographic in their reality whilst the section of the book devoted to Mihaly Zichy is the most *stimulating* in the book because he is the most adventurous and neglects not a single aspect of sexuality in every imaginable circumstance and position. I will confess that this section gave me a lasting hard-on whilst Aubrey Beardsley (currently enjoying a renaissance in trendy Islington and the fashionable end of Camberwell Grove) just made me laugh.

Ironically, and this really blew my mind, as we enter the 20th century, the book begins to get boring: pornographers are starting to use their brains instead of their balls and pornography becomes intellectual and surrealist.

But never mind. Even at £7·00, I've had my money's worth.

Learned Lust

The Sex Book (Jasmine, £3·95) is a pictorial encyclopedia of sex by Doctors Martin Goldstein and Erwin J. Haeberle. It is a glossy book, well-written in straight-forward language, informative and alphabetised, illustrated with *explicit photographs by Will McBride. These depict sexual intercourse* (*nothing simulated here*), masturbation and male and female homosexuality among other stimulating subjects. It is therefore a *sexy* sex education book which makes for a breath of fresh air after the Hegeler harangue. In fact, it's so exciting to read and beautiful to look at that one wonders, could this possibly be the new 'coffee-table book' of the Age of Aquarius?

The Hess Autobiography

Anyone with an interest in and an ignorance of German history during the Third Reich should begin by reading *Hess* (MacGibbon & Kee, £1·95) by Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel.

Manvell and Fraenkel have gone to a lot of trouble to suss out their subject but then they've had plenty of experience, having already written biographies of other Nazi leaders and several books on the same period.

Hess was an unusual man to say the least: he was a herbalist and a vegetarian (which he carried to ridiculous extremes) and he took a serious interest in astrology and extra-sensory perception. It is a fact that Hess was not only party to, but the instigator of much of the racial and religious policies of the Third Reich. He believed passionately in Nazism and *is* guilty of those 'crimes against humanity' we in the We are so fond of citing.

The fact is that at the age nearly eighty, Hess has been i continual imprisonment for ov thirty years. Three of the big powe concerned with German affairs sin the war are agreed that Hess shoul be freed on strictly humanitaria grounds but the Russians, for pure political reasons concerned with th Berlin situation, are determined maintain four-power custody ov him at Spandau, in the British secto where he is the sole prisoner, unt death do they part./*Anthony Clue*

She used to play strange games
PLACE:
Bachelor girl apartment in Cornwall Gardens
TIME:
11.45
SCENE:
Aggressive, usually congenial bird is feeling vicious owing to wait of two hours. Is reluctant to believe explanation of 'extended business meeting'. Seems reasonable enough to you . . .
SOLUTION:
Advance quickly to good-impression night club. Lulling lights, persuasive music, tempting food. Enchanting host who sums up situation, charms her with subtle innuendoes, and mixes cocktails to soothe the most savage breast . . .
PROBLEM:
Where is this joint?
ANSWER:
No problem—consult *Stags '72*. Recognise the predicament? It's happened before hasn't it? In any one of its thousand permutations. The evening was a rub-out because you didn't know where

to go to keep the throbbing little chick on ice until later. Or you lost out — again — when you couldn't find the right atmosphere to melt the frosty ice maiden. These problem children can be cured though. It's been done—check out *Stags '72* girl Nicki Howorth. Create the right conditions, and she's draped around your rocking horse. A *fait accompli!*

And to create that *fait accompli* turn to *Stags '72*. A new publication—a solvan-evening, renta-chick, finda-club, do-it-yourself, get-around-town handbook for the aspiring male! It's for the intowners and for the out-of-towners. From the "know-it? built-it!" fellers to those who think the Playboy Club is where model train enthusiasts get together. *Stags* is a Glossy; a prestige, coffee-table, executive-brief-case, talk-about book with International appeal. Its neatly achieved aim is to present a full synopsis of London night life. And night life is as important to the visitor as day life—Buck House and the Bloody Tower! *Stags* sets out unpretentious details of the amenities offered by clubs. Significant details, like how late they stay open, what food they serve, the music they play—essential details if the scene is to be set right.

So visitors are going to benefit plenty from *Stags '72* but so will the inherent West-Enders. You are going to be known for your *Stags*, for there's always the time when your favourite haunts let you down—new bird, new image.

And *Stags* has Nicki—everywhere. Preceding the serious information—the entertainment guide bit—in a 10-page colour portfolio and at the top of each page, to unfold in a progression of naked movement set in miniature cameos. Flick through the pages for a jerky 'old-movie' sequence. Old movies with a difference!

Even so, *Stags* is not all clubs and Nicki—mainly perhaps, but not all! Supporting blurb fills in the blanks with hotels, car and dress hire, escort and theatre booking agencies, credit card systems—all those things that make sure the evening passes *sans* hitch. The book's innovators are offering an ambitious back-up—a 24-hour telephone advisory service to redirect should your chosen rendezvous have closed its doors. Imagine the intrinsic value of *Stags* to the guy who arrives at Heathrow with nothing but a copy of the book tucked under his arm. A few quick calls and he's fully operational, equipped with a tailored tuxedo, a smart car, a bird of his choice, a couple of theatre tickets and a stack of suggestions for clubs and restaurants. It's a thought—at least and indisputable.

Night

Oh, to be in England Now that April's . . .

. . . now that April's alive and well and just itching to be taken on a dirty weekend.

Ah, Spring . . . Mother Nature turns on the heat and deck chairs sprout like crocuses on every sunny patch of green; hawkers change their stock-in-trade from umbrellas and chestnuts to sunglasses and ice cream; tourists squash themselves into coaches and head for the big city while, at the same time, hard-core city-dwellers fight like hell to get out of town.

And I've found just the place to fight my way to, on the first dirty weekend of the new month: **The White Swan** at Streatley-on-Thames. Owned and operated by the amazing Danny La Rue, this 17th century riverside coaching inn is a combination of Hanover Square magic and country ease. Nestled in the cleavage where Berkshire and Buckinghamshire meet, The Swan is a perfect escape hatch.

Because The Swan is essentially a pub, you don't have to be an overnight guest to drink or dine. But it *is* a good idea. It's just the sort of country retreat to take your April lady for a Saturday lunch. You can sail away a lazy afternoon or have a fry in the sun before dinner. The restaurant (and most of the other public rooms) overlooks the river. But beware—it only seats sixty and 'house full' boards are posted outside the entrance nearly every night. The food—especially the game—is excellent. The managing director, Michael Oxford, assures me that the prices quoted on the à la carte menu include generous portions of vegetables and fresh bread. Without wine, a full meal works out to about £2 a head. A bottle of Pouilly Fuisse at £1·65 isn't exactly the kind of financial strain that would give your bank manager an embolism. After the meal, you can break the news to April: you can't possibly drive her home in your condition . . . too much branch and vine. Then make your move. A room for two costs £5 to £7·50 and includes a hearty breakfast. Those who have an acute allergy to mornings can always phone a funeral parlour or pad to the bar for a tall glass of hangover cure later in the day. If you survive until Sunday lunchtime, you'll probably see your host, Danny La Rue, looking after the multitudes. The telephone number is 04914 2498 or 2692. And best of luck with April.

For some long-forgotten reason, Heaford and I have been buying each other lunch every year without fail for the past eight years. He pays in even years and I pay in odd ones. The only rule of the game is simple: the event has to take place in a different restaurant every time.

A few years back, Heaford became my accountant. And since then, I've had the creeping suspicion that he's been getting a better deal out of these rather heavy encounters than I have. He assures me that the tax man allows this particular expenditure because he chalks it up to 'professional advice' rather than 'bi-annual eatathon'. Last year, I aided him in his endeavour to miss his train to Manchester by offering to take him to lunch before departure time. Heaford blamed *me*. Imagine. A couple of weeks ago, he heard that I had an important appointment in Worthing—and he immediately invited me to join him at Soho's **L'Escargot** for a bit of lunch before zero hour. So much for Worthing.

I mean, L'Escargot is hardly the place for an eat-and-run meal. As soon as you walk in the door, waiters begin to hover. No matter how crowded the restaurant is, there's an air of complete privacy.

One glimpse at the never-ending menu will turn your taste buds inside-out. The speciality of the house is, of course, *escargots*. And *special*, they certainly are. The asparagus is superb for a starter and the fish paté is undeniably delicious. But watch it: too much of a good thing will keep you from cleaning up on the main course. My personal favourite is the venison. The style of the place is untouchable; even the house wine is unique. For those with big lunch or dinner appetites, I suggest that you allow £3 to £4·40 a head for food and drink. For a truly unforgettable meal, don't miss L'Escargot, 48 Greek Street, Soho, W.1, 01-437 4460.

When Rick Dajou turned an old warehouse at 14 Bruton Place, W.1 into a nightclub, he made it a place fit for princes. Accordingly, he called it Le Prince. For years, trendies flocked to the Mayfair garret to sit in period chairs, bask in the soft light of heavy chandeliers, shuffle lazily across plush carpets and toast one another with vintage wines. But hangers-on flocked there too. Before he knew it, Rick had a cold turkey on his hands. Change was the answer. And out of that change, the Revolution was born. For a while, the Revolution was the resting spot for royalty but eventually it became the nesting place for odious, depressing bores and their rather vacant sweethearts. Once again, the joint turned into a graveyard. Rumours of acquisition and divestment filled the gossip columns. Alas, scheme and scheme again fell through. Until now, that is. And the best is yet to come. If you have the palate for good food, the ear for good live sounds and the bank account to enjoy it all, then indulge yourself at the **Counter Revolution.**

The Shy Owner, who will remain nameless because he can't stand to see his name in print, has given the place a facelift and has brought over some of America's best soul entertainment—people like Eddie Floyd and groups like The Bloodstones—to entertain.

Now, then, about the delights of sustenance. Bring along your appetite because you'll need it: the food downstairs in the restaurant is good and, at the same time, moderately priced. Tony Engleman, manager and director, assures me that the wine cellars have been stocked with superb bottles, ranging in price from £6 to £8. The food upstairs is 'fun food'—enough to keep you dancing until the club closes at 4 a.m. The Counter Revolution is open seven nights a week, live and in colour. For an exercise in opulence, dial 01-499 0938.

Gone are the days when Bertie Wooster wandered the streets of Mayfair's Shepherd's Market in search of debauchery and dissipation. But the memory lingers on.

The market place is still a maze o tiny houses and elfin shops huddlec together along narrow, miniatur streets. Everything—including th ladies of the Liliputian night—i tarted up to the nines. Smal wonder that John Hendricks chos this pocket village for his lates venture in night time entertainment The name? **Gullivers** of course.

Bertie Woosters of the world, tak note: there's no room at this *in plac* for silk hats or snuff, for Jeeves o geriatric cases. It's a little bit o madness for a lot of fun. I trundlec along to Gullivers a while back an was filled to the brim with liv sounds (courtesy of J.B.W. & Th Funky Fever) as the door opened

Manager Phil Tibber has createc a heady atmosphere of levity an enjoyment. The sight of thos waitresses clad in leopard skir leotards and string lace boots reall knocked me out. One of the mos unique features about Gullivers i that every table in the dining are has its own built-in hot plate. I theory, you're allowed to coo whatever you order at your table But in practice, you're encouraged t allow one of those curvy little ladie in leopard to do it for you.

Membership is £7·50 a year wit perpetual free admission for founde members. Ladies have the sam privileges for only £3·50. Guests for out £1·50 each time they go in Drinks (single measures) cost 30 and the mixes are 10p each. Th speciality of Gullivers is breakfast— all night long. And it's a bloody good deal as well: three eggs, baco and a bottomless pit of toast marmalade and coffee for only a quic a head. For more information, phon Paul at 01-499 0760 or follow th yellow brick road to Shepherd' Market where Down Street an Hertford Street cross and see fo yourself/*Brian O'Hanlon.*

Nothing like one of Danny La Rue's superb hangover cures at The White Swan.

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Total cash enclosed £____ Cheque/P.O. No. ____

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ADDRESS____

____ **M.O.1**

Man, Myth and Masochism

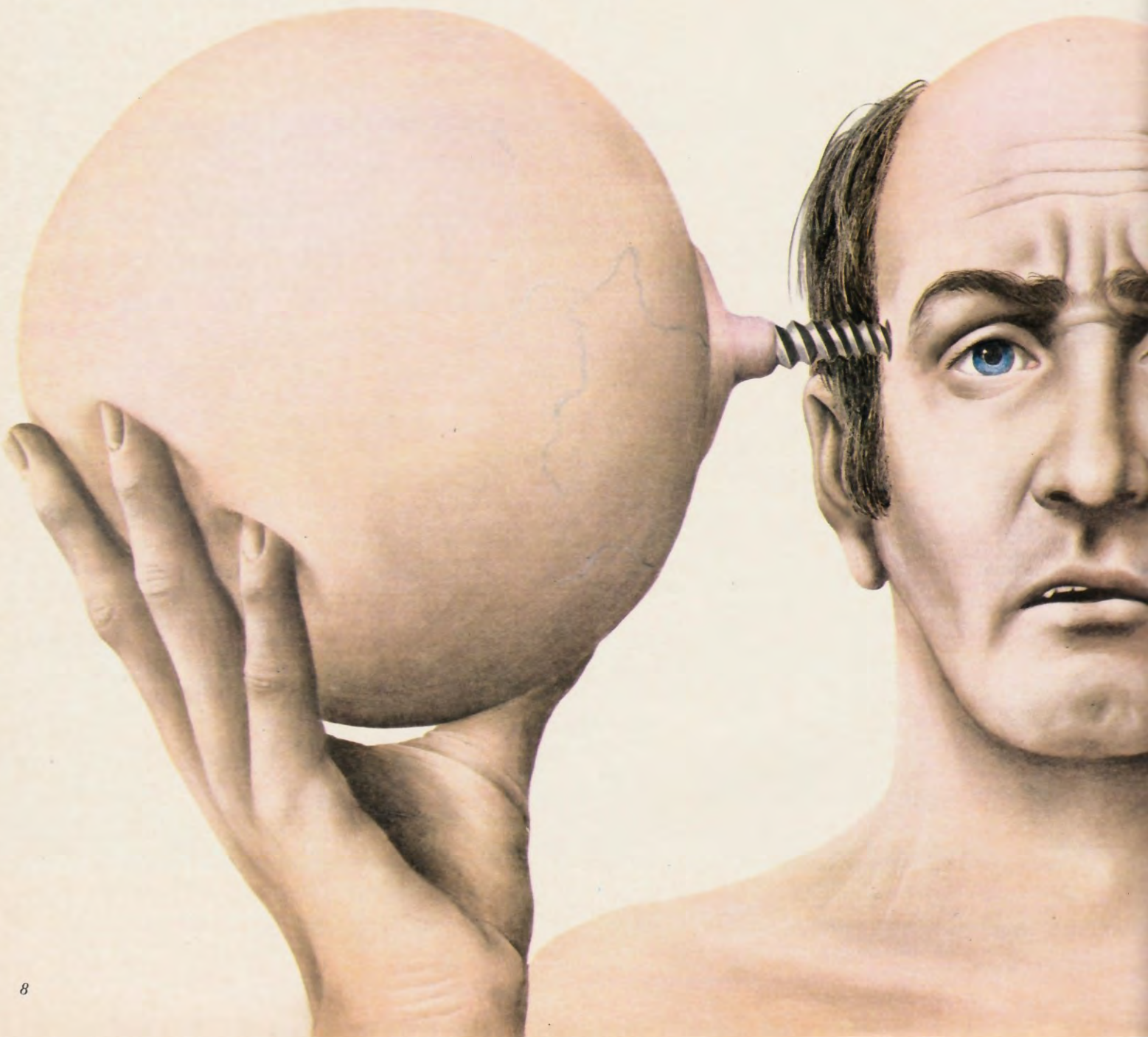
The sexual tendencies of most men are expected to be aggressive, forceful and dominant, but those of the masochist are just the opposite —or are they? A study by Karl Steiner

Freud called masochism "the most frequent and significant of all perversions", and who are we to quarrel with this when the deviation is so widespread, not only in its sexual manifestation, but in every field of human behaviour from the suffering of the hen-pecked husband to the mass holocaust of Nazi Germany?

In previous articles, we have studied male masochism and female sadism in relation to their close associations with rubber and leather fetishism. We will now widen our horizon and consider some aspects of the deviation which are *always* present in one form or another, but which, possibly, may not have been recognised, let alone understood.

We would respectfully refer readers to the earlier articles because some of the theories put forward in this piece have already been propounded in greater detail, and space is so precious we wish to avoid repetition, except where it is vital to the develop of an argument.

We have already shown masochism and sadism, altho seemingly, diametrically opp are actually just different expres of the same phenomenon, that cannot exist without the other, sadism is inherent while masoc is induced and that when a masc engages a prostitute to whip defile him, he is using her as a h sophisticated tool against his body, for the masochist is, in eff sadist who employs himself a victim. We have also shown sado-masochism originates from infantile and childhood experie No-one is born a masochist, nor masochistic tendencies, but it i belief that everyone is born a p tial sadist. The seeds are there sadism is an instinctive urge tha become inherent in the hu species, most likely due to the n



sity for violence, in some form or other (if only verbal) for self-preservation.

The *opposite*—masochism—is certainly not inborn, but it can be all too easily induced, in complete innocence, by a mother's actions and words during the first few, highly impressionable years of a child's life. In fact, it is very doubtful if any mother can avoid introducing some psychic disturbances in her offspring, since everything she says and does has such an *exaggerated* significance to the developing mind.

The need for love and attention is paramount in a child—many people never grow up. The best way to attract these, or so he thinks, is by a *display of suffering*, and, as we have seen, he will deliberately provoke his mother or nurse so that she first threatens him with punishment (introducing the vastly important anxiety factor) and, eventually, carries out her threat. The harshness of the threatened punishment is no deterrent—rather the *opposite*—because the thrill of anxiety is greater when the risk is high (as every gambler knows). This fact can be used as a powerful indictment of our existing penal code and, particularly, of capital punishment. The martyrs were archetype masochists.

Possibly one of the strangest aspects of masochism is that it is predominantly a male deviation. There are relatively few female masochists, despite what pornography and male sadists would have us believe. The natural tendency is for the man to be the aggressor. He is possessed of the almighty penis, whose connotations of violence have been exploited in so many fields of commerce and entertainment. Think of the petrol advertisements, which are ridden with phallic symbols, and the myth of the American West, which is greatly dependent upon the phallus-like six-gun (spurting lead instead of semen) and the sadistic fantasies it evokes. At least, the old Hollywood movies kept some sort of association (even if tenuous) with the original West, but the current rash of Italian spaghetti Westerns don't even try. They are out-and-out, sadistic orgies, bearing no relation whatsoever to historical fact—and very little relation to possibility.

So, in the very existence of male masochism, there is already a strong sense of the *opposite*. Men are expected to be aggressive and dominant, but the masochist is just the reverse—or is he?

Quite contrary to general opinion, masochists are not all weak, dependent, easily influenced, helpless characters. In fact, they are often amazingly stubborn, determined and strong-willed. One might almost say they are 'wolves in sheep's clothing'. Why is it, then, that they give the impression of being the direct *opposite* of what they really are?

We can best answer this by starting with an analogy. The idea of passive resistance springs to mind. Two of the arch exponents of this philosophy were Christ and, in more recent times, Gandhi. Would anyone consider either of these a weak figure? They submitted, certainly—but they did not yield. The same holds good for the martyrs.

It is said of many people—and in admiration—that they will not admit defeat. The masochist chooses the *opposite* tactic in that he *always* admits defeat, and because of this he is, in fact, undefeatable. Total surrender can be more effective than rebellion because it renders impotent the commands of his oppressors and can make the aggressor look foolish. In the end, it might even overthrow him. Herein lies the wisdom of Christ's teachings: "Turn the other cheek," and "The meek shall inherit the earth."

Before considering the sexual implications of this seemingly paradoxical behaviour, let us give an example from childhood, which establishes the unalterable pattern for later life. Take the case of a normally intelligent and active boy with a fussy mother, who is perpetually reprimanding him for his dirty hands and knees, his uncombed hair and general untidiness. If the nagging is persistent enough, the boy will, eventually, discover that the best way of 'getting his own back' is to go to the *opposite* extreme of his natural inclination to be untidy and, furthermore, to *exaggerate* his new found fastidiousness.

He will deliberately take an inordinately long time to dress himself and wash his hands, comb his hair, etc., particularly if his mother wants him to be quick about it, and will cultivate an almost obsessive concern over finical detail. At first, he does these things to irritate his mother and as a passive form of defiance, but, in the long run, they may develop into a permanent behaviour pattern. The masochist's scrupulous attention to detail is a well-known characteristic, as is his love of 'ritual', which is closely linked with an obsession for neatness and precision.

So, we see, a calculated reversal of one's natural tendencies and a deliberate *exaggeration* of them in the *opposite* direction is a method of hitting back at the oppressor.

Now let us consider a similar case, but in a sexual context. A young boy has been caught masturbating and has been severely reprimanded, or even beaten, by his unenlightened mother (and there are many such, in spite of this 'permissive' age). Of course, punishment will never stop a boy from masturbating, but it introduces a strong anxiety factor regarding possible consequences if he is caught at it again. Grim tales of what is likely to happen to his physique and mental capacities if he continues in his 'filthy habit' only serve to increase the anxiety—and the forbidden pleasure of the act itself, which is now also a gesture of defiance.

In this way, sexual pleasure be-

Illustration by John Holmes

comes closely associated with anxiety, with threats and, if he is found out, with pain. The implications of this are too obvious to require elaboration and many a masochist owes his condition to the punishments he received for masturbating as a child.

But what about the outward show? In front of his mother, and other authority, a threatened boy is likely to put on an *exaggerated* display of prudery and general disinterestedness in sex, while, inside, he is seething and full of lustful fantasies. Things are very seldom what they seem and, frequently, they are just the *opposite*!

There is a strong tendency towards reversal in all of us. How often have we said to ourselves, "If only things were the other way round." So the day-dreaming child may think how wonderful it would be if, instead of his mother's trying to prevent his masturbating, she actually forced him to do it—and then punished him afterwards just the same. The idea of being compelled by a dominant female (a mother figure) to perform sexual acts, and to be punished for so doing, is the very essence of male masochistic fantasy, but, in obeying the Mistress's orders, there is also an expression of defiance—or passive resistance.

It is as though the masochist were saying to his Mistress, "Do what you like to me: whip me, humiliate me, defile me. But you can never prevent my pleasure. I shall achieve orgasm *in spite of you* and, in so doing, the victory will be mine!" Now this is not a weak outlook. It is the direct *opposite*.

Let us dwell a little upon the *exaggeration* always encountered in masochism. As in all psychic phenomena, we have to return to infancy to comprehend the roots of this. Recall the child who has provoked his mother into punishing him. What is his next step? We all know. It is an *exaggerated* display of pain and misery out of all proportion to the suffering endured. There is screaming, writhing in feigned agony and, in extreme cases, vomiting, urination and defecation.

The idea is to arouse pity and, to achieve this aim, there is virtually no limit to which a hysterical child is prepared to go. He will even invite further punishment to add more weight to his case for sympathetic treatment. His anguished cry (supposing he is old enough to speak) is on the lines of, "Can't you see how I'm suffering? Look what you've done to me! Look at my wretchedness. Look what a terrible mess I'm in."

As we know all too well, such cries are not confined to childhood. Many adults go through life with the same attitude. They are social masochists. They revel in misfortune and go out of their way to court disaster so that they may have the grounds for even more bitter complaints. However, make no mistake about this—they may appear to be weak, but they are not. They will bend ('a creaking gate often swings the longest'), but they will never break, whereas many apparently stronger characters may snap without warning.

The exaggerative nature of masochism is closely associated with its demonstrative aspect. The stricken child keeps up its show of abject misery only as long as there is an 'appreciative' audience. Anyone experienced in dealing with fractious children knows that the best way to curtail a fit of the tantrums is to ignore it. So it is with the masochist. He must have witnesses to his shame—even if it is only himself, through the medium of a full-length mirror. No well-equipped masochist will be without one. Even the hermit who whips himself inside his desert cave, without benefit of a looking-glass, imagines he has a witness in the Almighty.

Those who flagellate themselves for what they like to believe are religious motives and the 'mortification of the flesh' are certainly masochists. They revel in parading their bleeding

"'Mourning!"

bodies for all to see. The more frightful the wounds, and the greater the number of witnesses, the more intense is their rapture. They would have us believe it is 'spiritual rapture'. It is no such thing. It is sexuality—possibly in a sublimated form, but sexuality just the same.

The overtly sexual masochist, who employs a prostitute to torture and humiliate him, is in similar need of exaggeration and display. For this reason, sado-masochistic scenes are always somewhat melodramatic, and are frequently utterly grotesque. Letters written by masochists to their Mistresses are no less bizarre, employing high-sounding phraseology and making great use of capitals to increase the exaggeration. Here is a typical example from a man making an appointment with a prostitute: "*Most Noble and Majestic Mistress,*

Thy humble, worthless Slave craves thy Gracious Indulgence for a few minutes to read his abject letter. He begs to be allowed to visit his Beautiful and Infinitely Superior Mistress at 9 o'clock this evening in order to pay further tribute to the Perfection of her Divine Femininity by suffering the most vile Degradation, and beseeches his Implacable Mistress to be Utterly Uninhibited and Merciless.

He has taken the liberty (for which he expects the most terrible punishment) of acquiring from Berlin a magnificent new Submission Helmet, whereby his Proud and Contemptuous Mistress can take complete control of all Five Senses and render them subject to her slightest whim. Although he lives in fear and dread of what his Imperious and wonderfully Inventive Mistress may do to him for daring to display such unforgivable temerity, he is obliged to give her some indication of how to operate the elaborate Valves and Controls on the Helmet and its accessories in order that his suffering shall be as unspeakably Frightful as possible."

There follows six closely written pages, all in the same highly exaggerated style which, however, does tend to lapse in places as the technicalities of his proposed 'Sublime Submission' become more and more involved, with detailed instructions for the handling of inflatable rubber gags, twin endotracheal tubes which are to be introduced into his stomach via the nostrils, and various complicated valved connections to 'Odour Caskets' and 'Sacred Fluid' pumps.

It is clear from the great length of the letter and the trouble the writer has taken in describing, with obvious relish, every refinement of the new 'Awesome Device', and the 'Unparalleled Degradation' it is going to bring him, that he has probably already had his money's worth in fantasy and anticipated pleasure alone.

In addition to the exaggeration, this bizarre epistle demonstrates a further example of reversal. Although the masochist begins his letter in the most grovelling and obsequious manner imaginable, he ends up by instructing his 'Mistress' what to do. This is full of irony and is really very comical, but the masochist would be the last person to see the funny side of it. Insofar as his sex life is concerned, the masochist is not renowned for his sense of humour.

In her answer to this monumental epistle, the Mistress's reply was curt to the point of insolence:

"*Slave,*

9 o'clock then—and don't dare be late!"

To anyone but a masochist, such a brief and uncompromising injunction in reply to his verbose, literary efforts would be decidedly off-putting. To the masochist, it is the *opposite*. It is precisely what he wants. She snubs him and treats his letter with contempt, but, most important, she agrees to his requests.

It is an extraordinary thing that, despite all appearances to the contrary, in relationships such as this, it is the masochist who is in charge. He is calling the tune, provided he is prepared to pay the piper well for the music. This holds good in nearly all sado-masochistic scenes between male masochist and sadistically inclined prostitute, but it is a poor look-out for the masochist if he ever falls into the clutches of a genuine and serious female sadist, whose main interest is sex, not money.

Prostitutes who specialise in catering for male masochists (and they number thousands) must be sadistically inclined, or they would not be able to carry out many of the gross practices that are required of them, but they are willing to sacrifice the realisation of their own particular fantasies (which are likely to be very different in detail, if not in substance, from those of their clients) for the sake of the financial rewards they receive.

The common tart seldom extends herself very much in this direction, being able to charge a fee of £10 using no more imaginative props than a plastic mackintosh, a leather skirt and a cane; but the high-class call-girl takes a pride in her profession and can command a fee of at least £50 per session and, frequently, many times that amount for specialised services involving sophisticated scatological techniques.

Such practices (which have their origin in infantile experiences during the anal phase of development and are often closely linked with rubber fetishism) figure extensively in the fantasies of male masochists (although, obviously, few will be prepared to admit this, except to a prostitute, or under analysis) and, like all fantasies which do not involve permanent injury to the body, need to be translated into reality at least once. In fact, once is often enough. Life is full of disillusionments.

Just as the masochist seeks the *opposite* of what the normal person (insofar as any of us are normal when it comes to sexual behaviour) desires in respect of comfort, and so wants to be trussed up, suspended, gagged, beaten and tortured, so he also craves the *opposite* in non-painful sexual experience. The urine and faeces of his Mistress (and often of her 'maid' as well) are the ideal and logical materials for the gratification of these extreme desires.

One can hardly imagine anything more degrading than being compelled to submit unreservedly to these substances which, however, may possess an almost mystic significance to the masochist, bound up with the conception of worship and ritual, which he so cherishes. In sado-masochistic deviation, they take the place of the sacraments which play such an important part in Christian rites.

Poetic euphemisms such as 'Divine Essence of Womanhood', 'Sacred Wine of Girlhood', 'Pungent Am-

brosia of Femininity', 'Golden Nectar', 'Russet Amrita of Venus', etc., which are common in sado-masochistic literature, may mean nothing to the uninitiated—neither may references to 'Water Sports', 'Wining and Dining', etc., which frequently appear in masochists' advertisements in the current proliferation of sexual contact magazines, but all these

relate to urological or/and scatological practices.

No doubt some readers will be horrified to learn of such things. Others will pretend to be horrified, because that is what is expected of a normal person; but, secretly, will be vastly relieved to discover that they are far from being alone in harbouring fantasies of which they have been profoundly ashamed.

It is not going too far to state that whatever the human mind is capable of envisaging, no matter how bizarre or extreme, provided it is within the realm of physical possibility, will be carried out in practice. We will go even further and suggest that, in view of the world's size and population, whatever the human mind is capable of devising is more than likely being carried out by someone, somewhere, *now*, at this very moment, as you read these words. A sobering thought is it not?

Now, it is important that we make the following point clear—the masochist does not seek degradation for its own sake. There is no more pleasure in it for him than there would be for us. How could there be? His senses are no different from ours. Why does he do it then? He seeks degradation for the same reason as the stricken, sympathy-seeking infant who urinates and defecates so that he can cry, in effect: "Now look what you've done to me! *Look what a mess I'm in!*"

And just as the infant is prepared to go to the limit, even provoking further punishment to add to his display of misery (sometimes by even hurting himself deliberately), so the masochist is prepared to plumb the uttermost depths of abject degradation. He desires the direct *opposite* of normal gratification and he wants it in its most *exaggerated* manifestation.

There is a further important factor involved and this is the male masochist's keen appreciation of contrast and paradox, which is really just another way of saying that he is obsessed with the idea of the *opposite*. To some extent we all are. 'Black and White' is the simplest example of this—black stockings and suspender straps against white thighs, and a hard, black unyielding corset against soft, white, compliant flesh. But the masochist takes it further—to the limit—as he does with all things, including his own body.

The idea of 'Beauty and the Beast' as typified by the lovely Esmerelda, and the hideous Quasimodo in Victor Hugo's *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, is a widely recurrent theme in the sado-masochistic scene. Anything which serves to render the appearance of the slave (who identifies with the 'Beast') more repulsive and grotesque and thus, in contrast, makes his mistress (in the role of 'Beauty') more lovely and desirable, is of the utmost importance to the masochist. The greater the contrast, which, in effect, means the greater the degree of his own defilement and degradation, the higher the 'lust value' of the scene.

The subconscious goal of the masochist in his fantasies (and sometimes it is conscious) is death. This is the supreme gesture, equalling that of his heroes, the martyrs. But the road he chooses to take towards this destination varies greatly, dependent upon the nature of the childhood experiences which planted the seeds of his masochism. Some masochists are *pain-oriented*, others *shame-oriented*. In some, the craving for pain and shame is equally strong.

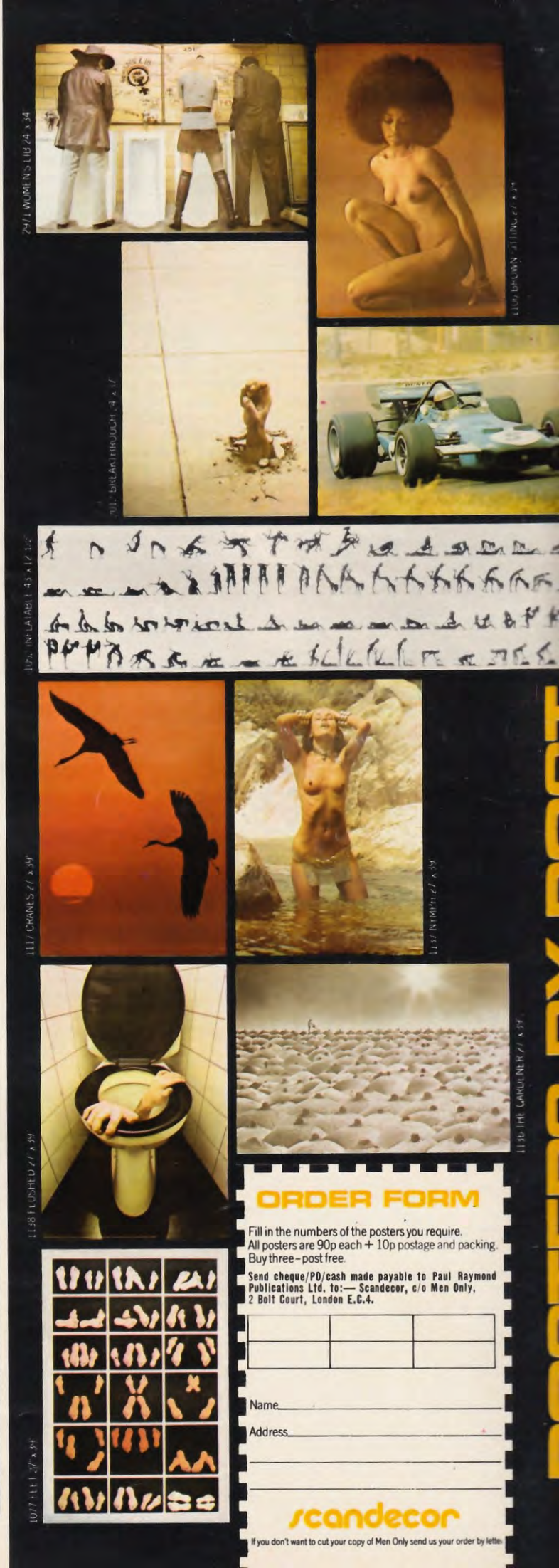
The ultimate fantasy of the pain-oriented masochist is likely to be some variation upon the theme of being slowly tortured to death by a beautiful, merciless woman (frequently in the robe of High Priestess, or some similarly ritualistic figure), assisted by a bevy of exquisite young handmaidens, or acolytes, the rites being witnessed by a large number of sophisticated females who have the knowledge and sensitivity to appreciate the full psychological implications as well as the physical intensity of his suffering, which culminates in ritual castration, removal of the penis and slow, methodical disembowelment.

The ultimate fantasy of the shame-oriented masochist is likely to be similar in setting and personnel. Death is again the goal, but the approach road is totally different, yet in its way no less frightful. It involves the ritual surrender of all five senses and all the bodily functions to the 'Golden Nectar' and 'Russet Amrita' of the High Priestess and her hand maidens, culminating in his organs (stomach, intestines, bladder and, finally, lungs) being filled with an emulsion of the two 'Sacred Essences' and his body's being completely entombed in it, so that even in death he continues with his degradation to pay homage to his goddess, 'Dominant Femininity'.

Both ultimate fantasies are so extreme, it is seldom that masochists have tried to realise them in their entirety (although there have been such cases) but, to some extent, they are translated into fact thousands of times each day.

In the pain-oriented division, progress towards the ultimate is usually, and understandably, far less than in the shame-oriented category, since few masochists are fool enough to suffer permanent injury to their bodies, other than the odd flagellation, flesh-hook, branding iron or razor scars. Therefore, most of their envisaged experiences and sensations must remain as fantasy.

In the shame-oriented division, however, given the assistance of skilled female partners (and an almost bottomless purse) the masochist can experience 100 per cent of the sensations he has fantasied, and can travel at least 90 per cent of the way along the road that leads to death, with minimal risk of suffering any permanent injury at all. At least one of his female partners must possess a considerable amount of medical knowledge and experience, and it is for this reason that 'High Priestesses' are nearly always ex-nurses. Their experience in this field also comes in very useful when gratifying the whims of clients (and there are many such) whose fantasied Mistress, due to common infantile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traumas involving such a figure, is either a hospital nurse or a nursemaid.

Whereas the equipment required to realise the dreams of a pain-oriented masochist is relatively uncomplicated, that necessary to fulfil the desires of the shame-oriented deviant can be very elaborate indeed. For the former, a selection of whips, pincers, branding irons, flesh-hooks, puncture pins, razors, scalpels and electrode-probes, coupled with spiked perineal harness and a phallic pin-jacket, is likely to be more than enough, but the latter demands far more highly sophisticated apparatus. Remember, all five senses and all the bodily functions must be under control and his shame must be on full display.

Vast sums of money and amazing ingenuity have been expended on the design and construction of submission equipment. As four of the five senses are confined to the head, it is understandable that the most common device is some variation of the tubed and valved helmet, with ancillary gags, forced feeding and inhalation apparatus. But while these can give absolute control over the senses of sight, hearing, smell and taste, and the functions of breathing and speech, there their usefulness ends. They afford only very local and minor control over the all-important sense of touch and none at all over the other functions.

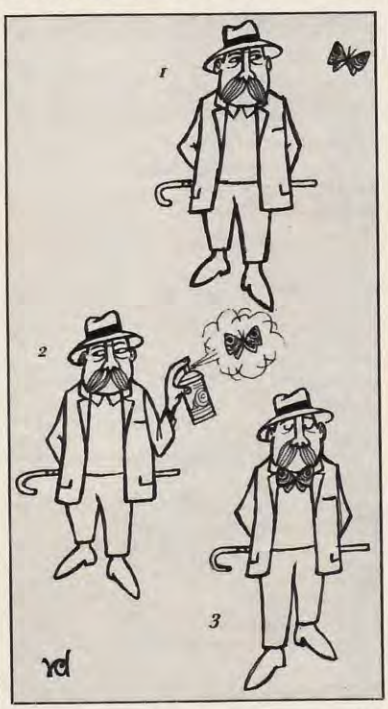
Even this basic equipment, fitted with the requisite refinements for odour variation, aural control, scalp saturation, oral and nasal injection, etc., will cost many hundreds of pounds. The masochist who insists on the ultimate in sensual and functional domination can expect to pay many thousands of pounds. Obviously, such apparatus is not mass-produced (although there is far more made than most people would ever suppose) and each set of equipment is custom-made to the client's own specific and highly detailed requirements.

We are fortunate in having an acquaintance who specialises in the manufacture of submission equipment (mostly exported to the U.S.A.). He is not, himself, a masochist, which lends support to the proposition that those who own confectionery shops never eat sweets. But he has a deep knowledge and understanding of the masochistic psychology. He is, in fact, an engineer—and so he needs to be to handle the intricacies of many of the designs he is called upon to realise. He is also adept at working in metals, wood, plastics, glass, rubber and leather, as well as being something of a plumber, mechanic, physicist, chemist and electrician.

A description of a set of submission equipment recently completed for a client in Los Angeles will give readers a good idea of the astounding complexity, not only of the apparatus itself but of the human mind which devised it, and the psychology of the 46-year-old masochist (well-known in Hollywood films) who may, at this very moment, be submitting to the unparalleled degradation its employment affords him.

For ease of description, we will assume that the victim is actually enduring ritual submission. His nude and totally depilated body is placed inside a transparent body-contoured glass shell—rather like a transparent mummy-case. This case is attached to the spokes of a six-foot diameter polished mahogany wheel, which is pivoted in an inclined plane at an angle of about thirty degrees from the horizontal. There is a reciprocating mechanism linked to the wheel, causing it to turn slowly back and forth through a semi-circle so that, alternately, the head and the feet of the victim, sealed inside the glass shell, come to the bottom of the slope. It will be appreciated that, as the wheel turns, any fluid or emulsion introduced into the space between the victim's form and the wall of the shell must, under the influence of gravity, wash continuously to and fro along the full length of his helpless nude body, with every detail of his degradation clearly visible—virtually on display—through the transparent case. The inside surface is silicone-treated so that it does not retain a film of the fluid, which would, of course, obscure vision (both in and out).

It will also be appreciated that, as the amount of emulsion inside the



shell gradually increases, so the length of time the victim's head remains totally submerged during the period it is within the lower quadrant at each turn, must also become longer.

The wheel can be rotated manually or automatically. When manually operated, the position of the victim's head—and the length of time it remains in that position—depends entirely upon the whim of the operator. When the device is automatically operated, the timing of each cycle (that is the head moving from the top to the bottom and back to the top again) is infinitely variable between thirty seconds and thirty minutes.

Twin, nozzled, nasal breathing tubes are connected to a multi-compartmented 'Odour Casket', containing in its six insulated divisions the separate 'Russet Amrita' of the High Priestess and her five young acolytes.

A complex valving system, coupled with a mixing chamber, permits the pungency from each compartment to be conveyed individually to the victim's lungs, or in any possible combination. The sense of smell can thus never become deadened by too long an exposure to a single odour since the combination is frequently changed.

Here again, operation can be manual or automatic. In the automatic setting, the rate of change can be pre-set at anything between five seconds and five minutes thus, if the High Priestess so desires it, she can compel her Slave to inhale a different odour with every breath he draws. Alternatively, she can compel him to inhale just her own scent for as long as she wishes. The top of the Casket is clearly marked to show the disposition of the individual contents and the manual settings necessary to produce any combination of two, three, four, or five odours (or, of course, all six).

The final sense—that of hearing—is controlled by ear-plug audio-receivers, connected to a specially recorded programme of sound effects and verbal material on magnetic tape or, as the High Priestess chooses, to her own voice 'live' via a microphone. Aural sadism can be a very potent adjunct to the more obvious methods of degradation and the scope for imaginative programme material in this field is virtually without limit. The flex connections to the ear-plugs pass through the same gasket as the various rubber tubes.

In addition to the continuous washing of the body by the contents of the shell, the sense of touch is further dominated in a most ingenious manner. Each time the victim's head comes to rest at the top of the incline, and just before it starts down on its return journey, there erupts from a nozzle, mounted in the crown of the case (so as not to obscure the victim's features in any way and thereby diminish the titillation of watching his grimaces and defilement) but angled downwards, a forceful spray of emulsion straight into his face.

The duration of this discharge is only one second, but it occurs at the end of each cycle, therefore the amount of emulsion inside the glass shell slowly, but inexorably, increases until, eventually, the space becomes filled and the victim is totally and perpetually immersed.

It is at this point that the clyster, catheter, oral and endotracheal injections and circulation begin. Attack is switched from the external to the internal.

Large mirrors, customarily found at all sado-masochistic scenes are positioned so that, until he becomes permanently sightless, the victim is witness to his own grotesque degradation. Tight fitting rubber goggles, with silicone-treated plastic lenses that repel contamination, ensure that his vision remains to a large extent unimpaired.

Realising that, after the foregoing anything further we say stands good chance of being regarded a anti-climactic, we must, nevertheles continue with our main theme an examine some additional examples the opposite and exaggerated relation to male masochism.

Nowhere are these features bette illustrated than in the fantasie 'Ideal Mistress', as depicted in th vast amount of illustrated sad masochistic literature which, due the virtual impossibility of findin females with figures exaggerate enough to conform to the mas chist's idea of the 'Dream Woman frequently resort to using artist impressions.

The Nutrix Corporation of Ne Jersey, U.S.A., is one of the large organisations specialising in this typ of material, the quality of which enormously variable. At its worst, is so crude that it can appear exceed ingly funny to anyone other than th masochist, who, as we have alread mentioned, seldom has much sen of humour when it comes to sex— and certainly has no sense of th ridiculous.

On the other hand, some of it extremely erotic and reaches a ver high standard of inventiveness, feas bility, accuracy of portrayal an draughtsmanship. Some of the wri ing, prose and verse, also shows gre imagination and sensitivity, as th poem by Conrad Weiss illustrates:

High Priestess

The Temple has a High Priestess, b
proud and beautiful,
Bizarre as any Queen of Pain can be.
Her body is a masochist's wild fant
come true,
Epitomising femininity.

Astoundingly colossal breasts, with a
some, spreading crests,
When free from harness swing down
her waist.
My loins are burning at the thought of
that pendant flesh,
Since abnormality is just my taste.

Held high, thrust out in arrogance
straining harness straps
And moulded, rubber cradles underne
The strongest man must tremble w
confronted with her breasts
Inside their thin, transparent, latex she

Control of form is absolute, yet
remains exposed
As grovelling I worship at her feet—
Those pigmentation nuances within
aureoles
That circle each protruding, ducted t

The constant, potent quivering of lusci
captive flesh,
So blatantly displayed for me to see—
How delicate the texture of the perf
milk-white cones
With devastating, blue-veined tracery

To complement those stunning breasts,
bottom is superb—
Voluptuously full and blemish-free.
A slight, dark fuzz of silken down
out above the cheeks—
Sweet accent on their sensuality!

/continued on page

Claire, Dear Sister

The second part of our steamy melodrama—photographed by Mike Bramman with verse by Bernard Campion

The games so gay we used to play
On new-mown hay in days of yore
Now help me more than I can say
To please the mistress I adore.

Those carefree adolescent flings
Permit me, with reactions bland,
To bare my soul—and other things—
At my sweet tyrant's stern command.

You see me at my daily tub
(Or should I say my bowl and jug)—
The prelude to a rinse and rub
And revels on the bearskin rug . . .

Relaxing nude without a blush
Our stark statistics we appraise;
While others "beat about the bush"
We've thought of more exciting ways. . .

At times in jest she'll gently chide
Her 'slave' for craving breathing-space
As, silken-thighed and starry-eyed,
She frames my face in frills and lace.

It's nice to sit and drink a bit
And thoughtfully to analyse
The ways resourceful lips can flit
From knees to navel, throat to thighs.

She's quite an angel, dearest Claire
(How foolishly I drool about it!)
Delightful in her underwear—
And quite delectable without it . . .

Your loving sister Laura

Illustration by Jennifer Eachus

"It was unthinkable, impossible, to stop now. It would be like halting a speech in mid-peroration, trying to cancel a dive once you'd left the board. Both of their bodies ached for the plunge!"
Fiction by Paul Ableman

What did Plato do?

It wasn't that Rupert didn't *like* girls. It was just that he liked ideas more. Conversationally, he appeared to be a sophisticated young man. He was opposed to all forms of censorship. He was unflappable. He believed marriage to be an archaic institution. He maintained the legitimacy of all impulses of the flesh—and their gratification. Nevertheless, Rupert Drake was a virgin.

He attributed his improbable state, with ironic amusement, to the unfair competition of his true passion—philosophy. This particular passion impeded his erotic progress in two ways: by absorbing so much of his time that he had little to spare for girls and by keeping him so poor that treating someone to a cup of tea counted as an unforgivable extravagance.

Rupert was the son of a Derbyshire nogger. Ever since Tudor days, the demand for nogging (walls of scantling filled with bricks) had been declining and by the 1960's the elder Drake was virtually without employment. Of course, he might have gone into pure brick or even reinforced concrete but he was not temperamentally suited to so radical a change. Besides, he was a professional in another respect: a natural idler who subsisted on what he could pick up from the welfare services. His exceptionally brilliant son had reached grammar school and Oxford on grants and scholarships.

Rupert divided his time between the British Museum Reading Room and his attic in Kentish Town. He was engaged upon a Critique intended to transfer the basis of philosophy from reason to intuition. All day he made notes in Great Russell Street and in the evenings, often before he had finished his packet of greasy chips (garnished with fish every second or third day) he would take up his ball-point pen and resume work on his arcane thesis. He led little social life. Once a fortnight, he and a group of similarly earnest young people met in a certain Soho pub for beer and talk. His only other outing was a weekly visit to the home of Professor Graham Tresilian.

Tresilian was the Crabbe Professor of Thought and Logic at the University of London and possessed what Rupert had several times described as "the only brain in England I respect". The professor was a wealthy man and lived with his wife in a luxurious house in Hampstead. Although Rupert thoroughly enjoyed the excellent meal he usually received, the chief attraction for him of the weekly visit was the opportunity to discuss problems and ideas with his eminent senior.

On a cold and gusty November evening, Rupert set off from his attic as usual to visit the Tresilian home in old Hampstead. It was five-thirty and already dark. Half an hour later, as he approached the house, Rupert became aware that there was something strange about it. Frowning slightly, he halted and inspected the building. He soon perceived the unusual factor: the kitchen window was unlit. Mrs. Tresilian was a splendid cook whose dinners usually required hours of preparation. Rupert had never before approached the house without finding the kitchen light on.

A few drops of rain sprinkled Rupert in the face. He glanced up at the scudding clouds and started towards the house again.

A few minutes later, as he mounted the porch, Rupert became aware of a second anomaly. The garage door was open and the garage was empty. Perhaps this second phenomenon explained the first. Mrs Tresilian might have hurried off in the car to buy some vital missing ingredient before the shops closed. The living-room light was on, clearly visible through the curtains. Rupert pressed the bell.

"Good evening," he said a moment or two later when the door opened slightly.

"Oh—hello—," murmured the girl.

"Is Professor Tresilian at home?"

"Who? Oh—"

Her voice was faint and with the light at her back Rupert could barely see her. The Tresilians had recently admitted to a guilty urge to compromise their socialist principles by employing household help. Perhaps this girl was the fruits of

such compromise.

"Professor—" Rupert attempted to amplify but she interrupted him with a little wave of her hand.

"Right—right—he's my Uncle Graham."

"Oh, you're his niece?"

"Right."

The girl used the vigorous affirmative in such a tiny, languid voice that it retained little more force than a shrug.

"And he's not here?"

The girl shook her head slowly, then asked:

"What are you—a friend?"

"It would be nice to think so—a regular visitor anyway."

"You'd better come in."

Rupert followed her into the familiar living room. On the piano was a little overnight bag, presumably hers. In the diffused light of the room, Rupert could now distinctly see his unexpected hostess. She was young—seventeen or eighteen—and very slim. She wore a long, gypsy-style skirt and a white blouse. She had raven-black hair brushed straight back from her forehead. Her face was thin, beguiling and vulnerable. She murmured:

"You'd think they'd be here—if they're expecting both of us."

"True," agreed Rupert, then asked the obvious question: "How did you get in?"

"Oh, they sent me the key. I'm staying overnight. Well, all we can do is wait. Feel like a drink?"

"Right," said Rupert.

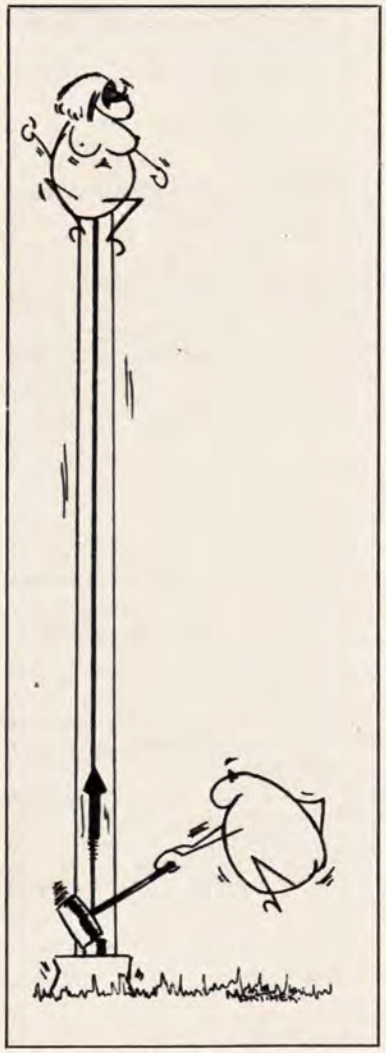
Nearly an hour later, as Rupert was sipping his third whisky and soda, the phone rang. Rupert was not sorry for the interruption. Conversation had proved desultory. They had exchanged names. Hers, somewhat improbably, had turned out to be Natasha. She had told him that she lived in Lincoln and that she had come up to London for a final interview with the head of a drama school before starting attendance there the following week. He had told her about his weekly visits and his Critique. Then silence had threatened to overwhelm them. Natasha, like many of her age-group, seemed to regard talk with faint suspicion, as if it were bait designed to lure her into a discredited culture. Rupert was searching his mind for some immaculate topic when the phone rang. Natasha answered it.

She said: "Oh, hello." She listened for a long time. She then said: "Right. Good-bye." She hung up and turned to Rupert.

"They're in Cambridge."

Gentle and persuasive prompting succeeded in eliciting the facts from her. It seemed the Tresilians had taken the car to Cambridge that morning to enable the professor to deliver a lecture at the university. They had intended to return immediately but had encountered a very old friend who had persuaded them to stay the night. They had instructed Natasha to apologise to Rupert and ask him to phone on the morrow and fix another date for dinner.

Rupert was aware of a keen sense of disappointment. He didn't mind



being deprived of his dinner but there were one or two points that he considered it vital to discuss with Tresilian before starting his next chapter. Still, there was no help for it. He finished his whisky and rose.

"I'd better be off."

Natasha stared at him in mild surprise.

"You can't go now."

"Why not?"

"Listen."

Rupert listened. Then, of course, he heard it: the rain drumming on the house and the wind howling. Normally, since there were no adequate precautions he could take against the weather, he tended to ignore it. He smiled.

"How do you know I haven't got a car?"

"You haven't even got shoes—" she nodded slightly towards his feet which were endeavouring, with some success, to emerge through tattered sock and worn sole. "What's the scene? Are you poor?"

"Somewhat," Rupert admitted, drawing up his legs to conceal the symptoms.

"A poor philosopher. Well, I'll probably end up a poor dancer—well, not a *poor* dancer—"

"You mean not a *bad* dancer but possibly an impoverished one."

"Right. Have another drink. Uncle Graham said to give you one."

Rupert was tempted. He should get back to his books but he found himself reluctant to leave. True it was not particularly agreeable, even for a philosopher, to venture forth in a raging gale. But the main source of his reluctance, Rupert realised, was Natasha. Admittedly she was far from a brilliant conversationalist but he had discerned that she was not unintelligent so much as uninstructed. Moreover, conversation was not everything. The girl had grace and charm. He contemplated her as she stood at the liquor cabinet ready to pour him another drink. Beneath her black hair glowed two dark eyes. She was a blackberry, he decided, a tiny, succulent morsel from the hedgerows.

"How about you?" he asked. "You haven't had anything yet."

"Dancers don't drink—not good ones."

"And you're a good one?"

"Right," she admitted. "And I'm going to be the greatest."

"That's big talk."

"Do you want to see?"

"Yes," agreed Rupert. "Yes, I'd very much like to see."

Natasha handed him the drink she'd poured and then crossed the room to the hi-fi equipment. She opened the cabinet and sorted through the records. Nothing she found really pleased her but finally she brought out a Debussy serenade that she thought would do. Then she and Rupert together probed the mysteries of the elaborate equipment. Ultimately dainty sounds flooded the room. Natasha promptly whirled away on the music but, almost at once, came to a frustrated halt.

"Oh, it's impossible in this skirt!"

The long, close-fitting garment, flared only at the end, was clearly an insuperable obstacle to ballet.

"Take it off," suggested Rupert lightly.

Immediately he had said it, his heart thumped and he felt his cheeks flush. It was the logical, almost the mandatory, thing for someone

of his generation to say. But then Rupert prided himself on not being typical. It must have been the whisky, he decided later, which had caused him to speak so conventionally. Natasha gazed at him. She was caught. All pleas of modesty had long ago been outlawed by the young. She had offered to dance. She couldn't dance in her long skirt. There was no alternative. She reached behind her and pulled down the zip. A moment later, she stepped out of her skirt and threw it on to the piano. Beneath the garment, Rupert discovered, she wore only minute nylon briefs. She looked exquisite in her frilled blouse and tiny, translucent knickers but she glanced at Rupert almost apologetically and asked:

"All right?"

"All right," he confirmed gravely.

Then she danced. Rupert had been to the ballet only once in his life. He could not judge whether Natasha was, even potentially, 'the greatest' but there was no doubt that she was good. She had precision, grace and vitality. Her body whirled and leapt, weaving from movement a harmony that both complemented the music and achieved the status of independent creation. In the practice of her craft she forgot her scant costume. Rupert watched entranced, trying to gulp down the ache of desire that rose within him. Finally, the music ended and Natasha folded gracefully into a curtsy. She rose up with a tremulous smile:

"All right?" she asked again.

Rupert nodded silently.

Natasha turned and crossed to the piano. She grasped her skirt and then froze. Rupert, silent, aching, was right behind her. Without looking round, she whispered:

"You'd better not, philospher. I'm not very experienced."

Rupert turned her gently by the shoulders. She stood facing him, docile but wary, still holding her skirt. He stooped and gathered her up. He was delicately built. But Natasha was so light that he carried her easily to the sofa. He laid her on the foam cushions and knelt down beside her. With wonder but without surprise he noted that she was helping him, by shifting her position, to remove the rest of her clothes. When she was naked, he manoeuvred himself to the end of the sofa and kissed her feet. The soles were grimy from the floor but the tops were dainty and sweet. He began to kiss his way slowly up her body, his right hand travelling further up her leg. On, he continued, past the knee, along the upper thigh,

past the little jungle of pubic hair, along the taut little stomach, over the navel, the little mounds of her breasts, the ridge of her shoulder, the hollow of her neck until at last his mouth reached hers. Then they kissed for the better part of an hour. They kissed tenderly and then fiercely and finally almost obliviously. And while they kissed, their unpractised hands were busy. Natasha's were nervous skirmishers, suddenly advancing, grabbing, slipping under garments and precipitately retreating again. Only once, although Rupert squirmed into the most accessible position he could manage, did the tips of her fingers reach his male parts and then they swiftly pulled back again. Rupert's hands stroked in long, melodious caresses that played over the whole of the girl's body, not lingering, making comparisons or giving preferential treatment. And by the end, when, with a stifled gasp, he rose to his feet and began tearing at his shirt buttons, the girl's body was rippling and arching beneath him. But she opened her eyes, saw what he was doing and instantly sat up.

"No!"

"What?"

"No! You can't! I'm still a—I've never—you know—"

"But. . ."

It was unthinkable, impossible, to stop now. It would be like halting a speech in mid-peroration, trying to cancel a dive once you'd left the board. Both of their bodies ached for the plunge! And yet he couldn't force her, take her against her will. He gazed at her for a moment in anguish before understanding what to do. Then he dropped to his knees again beside her. He seized her slender legs and pulled her round facing him. He parted her thighs almost roughly and buried his face in the warm, soft fur. And a few minutes later, in the case of Rupert from no more than sympathetic joy and excitement, the two achieved the marvellous spasm of release.

It was magic. They were touching everywhere, skin to skin. Eternities came and went. Finally, afterglow spun itself into sleep. It was not until the first light of dawn that the virgin lovers stirred. Morning: the philosopher would return to his soleless shoes and the dancer to her ballet slippers. But they had made a difference to each other. Would anything ever be the same again?

Eight days later, Rupert entered a public telephone box. He reached into his breast pocket and removed his tattered little pocket diary, its pages densely covered with handwritten notes. He allowed the tiny book to fall open and withdrew a ragged scrap of paper. It contained a scrawled phone number. Rupert contemplated it glumly. It was the number of a flat in South Kensington. Into that flat, if all had gone according to plan, Natasha had moved that very afternoon. There she was to live for the next three years, sharing the apartment's facilities with three other girls, while she attended the Garroway Drama and Dance Academy.

Rupert sighed three or four times. Was there any point? But really, *was* there any point? It had been magical, that evening in Hampstead, but was there any point in trying to contact Natasha again? He was too poor and dedicated and their temperaments and interests too different for him to expect any more from the girl. Really, apart from the fact that he had been unable to work or sleep, and barely able to eat, for thinking of her, he couldn't advance a single valid reason for trying to contact her again.

He fumbled in his pocket for a coin and dialled the number.

There were seventeen ringing tones—he counted them—before the phone was answered. By that time, he was in such a state that his sepulchral croak scarcely carried to the person at the other end.

"What?" came the voice. "I can't hear?"

"Natasha?" he managed to say distinctly, having recognised her voice. "It's me—Rupert."

"Oh. Hello."

Her tone was neutral.

"How are you?" he asked feebly.

"All right."

Now the fateful question. He retained sufficient irony to smile at the realisation that he actually drew a deep breath before asking:

"How about a drink—tonight?"

"The thing is—these girls—that I'm sharing with—they've got all kinds of rules. They want to—explain them or something—"

Naturally. Of course. How idiotic could you get? Oh, she'd enjoyed it all right. He knew that. Perhaps for her too it had been a flame in the dark, a moment of rare poignancy. But what girl would want to start anything with a starveling philosopher with holes in his shoes? She'd be roaring about with the sports car brigade within a week. More to be courteous than because he retained any hope, he tried again:

"Tomorrow?"

"Well I promised—I have to go round to Uncle Graham's."

And she didn't even ask if he might be there. He smiled wryly. In a perverse sort of way, he felt relieved. He spoke for the first time without tension:

"Then there's not much point in my phoning again, is there?"

There was a notable pause and then her faint voice, tinged with reproach, asked:

"You don't want to end our beautiful Platonic friendship, do you?"

An absurd flush of joy surged through him. He knew—something in her tone said it incontrovertibly—that she wanted to see him again. She hadn't just been giving him the fast shuffle. But even as he shivered with pleasure in the cold phone box, the trained, analytical part of his mind queried what she had just said. It was his turn for reproach.

"Darling—last week—it wasn't really *that* Platonic!"

There was a very long pause and then the small, girlish voice of his lady-to-be asked the future Regius Professor of Philosophy:

"What did Plato *do*, anyway?"

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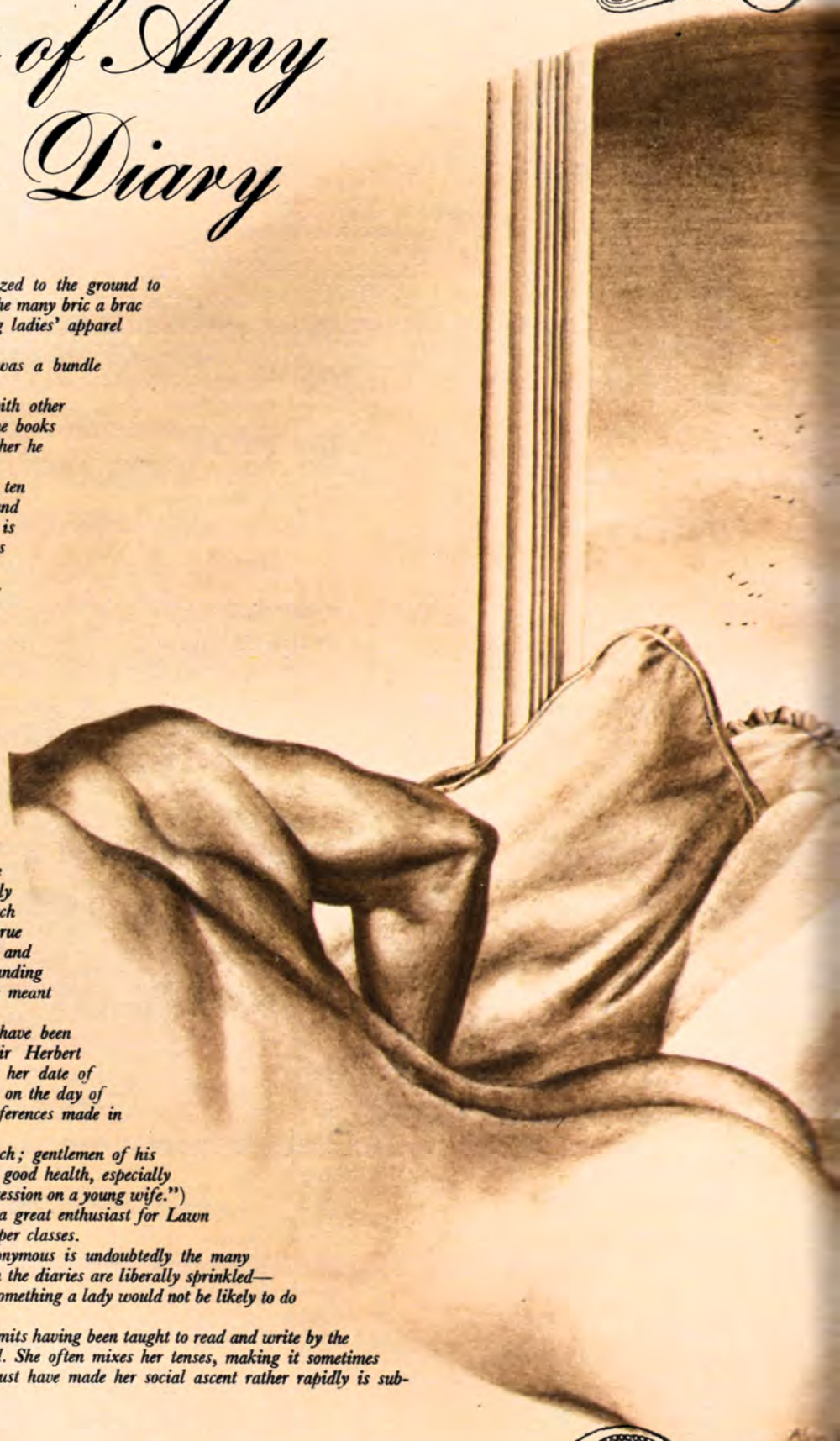
It's sticky and humid and dark—especially when there's no one to play

So I toss and I twist and I think—could it be that I'm left on the shelf?

Then I touch and I tickle and pinch—and decide I can have fun with myself

Photographs by Shape-Two

Memoirs of Amy
A Victorian Diary



Some time ago a large country mansion in Sussex was razed to the ground to make room for a new urban development scheme and, among the many bric a brac found rotting away in the vast attics was a trunk containing ladies' apparel dating back to the 1890-1900 period.

On the bottom, well hidden inside a voluminous skirt, was a bundle of yellowed school exercise books filled with sprawled writing.

The junk dealer who had obtained the trunk together with other discarded Victorian rubbish, was on the point of throwing the books away when a friend suggested showing them first to a publisher he knew.

Thus a lady's private diary was discovered, spanning some ten years of the late Victorian era, minutely recounting her life and loves. The diary is incomplete. There are many gaps and it is sometimes difficult to put them in chronological order. But there is no doubt about its authenticity.

We don't know exactly who the lady was, as she never mentions her full name anywhere but simply refers to herself as 'Amy' whenever she recounts a verbal discussion. She rarely mentions the names of others either but simply refers to them as Mr. or Miss . . . followed by an initial. Her husband is named as Sir Herbert and, as historical records show that a Sir Herbert Meadowleaves occupied the mansion from 1886 to 1905 it is generally accepted that the diarist was his wife Bertholde (née Smythe). As Sir Herbert was a man of considerable means with a wide circle of friends both in London and the home counties, it would only have been prudent for his wife to assume a nom de plume*—provided that she was indeed the authoress of the memoirs.*

In the eighteen nineties it was not the custom for ladies of quality to write personal memoirs and the Memoirs of Amy are far more than personal. The authoress is, at times, distinctly imprudent to say the least. Small wonder that the writer of such intimate details of private life should wish to conceal her true identity. Lady Meadowleaves frequented the highest circles and was no stranger at Buckingham Palace. For a lady of her standing to admit to the things that she does in her diary would have meant social suicide and public disgrace for her husband.

If Lady Meadowleaves is indeed the authoress she must have been considerably younger than her husband. Records show Sir Herbert married Miss Smythe when he was forty-eight—Amy gives her date of birth at one point as 1870. This would make her twenty-four on the day of her marriage, something that would tally with the various references made in the diary and in public records.

("I must always be careful not to fatigue Herbert too much; gentlemen of his age soon tire of open air sport and it might be injurious to good health, especially when they wish to conceal their age in order to make a good impression on a young wife.")

Again, public records prove that Lady Meadowleaves was a great enthusiast for Lawn Tennis, at that time fast becoming a popular sport for the upper classes.

Another reason why the writer should wish to remain anonymous is undoubtedly the many extremely frank admissions of a very private nature with which the diaries are liberally sprinkled—the openness with which the authoress admits to her low birth, something a lady would not be likely to do with relish.

'Amy' makes no attempt at literary style. At one point she admits having been taught to read and write by the young son in a household where she served as a scullery maid. She often mixes her tenses, making it sometimes difficult to distinguish between past and present. That she must have made her social ascent rather rapidly is sub-

stantiated by the fact that she was actually married to a peer of the realm when she started writing her diary at the age of roughly twenty-five or perhaps twenty-six. There is no denying her flair for describing emotions, both of herself and those of others, and she must have possessed a considerable talent for picking up the phrases of the day. At times it is clear that she must have been an ardent reader of fiction and might have copied some of the sayings or expressions from professional authors. At no time do her notebooks give the impression of being anything else than what they pretend to be: the accounts of her personal happenings. On the whole, her personality comes through strongly; a mixture of youthful exuberance and zest for living tempered with an artificial reticence imposed upon her by the strict rules and regulations of the class which had absorbed her.

Though the diary has neither beginning nor ending, it is nevertheless a fascinating historical record of a Lady's private life in that curious period in history when the wives of the rich had no other outlet for their energy than visiting friends, attending balls and . . . having innumerable love affairs—all of which were to be conducted with an almost ritualistic regard for decorum and public 'good taste' but which, nevertheless, were enjoyed with a vigour and intensity completely lost in our own permissive society.

Whether 'Amy' is or is not Lady Bertholde Meadowleaves is immaterial; her private diary makes fascinating reading . . .

Tuesday, 14th . . .

When Mavis brought me my morning tea she said Captain Taverne had called and left his card. I must say I had not expected the captain to act this fast or this rashly. True, his manly bearing and bold eyes should have warned me of his impetuous nature, if not reckless courage, but there can't have been anything in my behaviour towards him to suggest I should welcome any rash advances on his part.

The gallant captain may well be getting too impatient for comfort. He must either consider my husband a complete fool or, worse, a pervert.

Herbert himself must have thought so too. He had morning coffee with me at eleven-thirty, in my boudoir, and asked if I had been seeing much of that young captain we had met at the Duchess of G . . .'s party. When I told him I had met Captain Taverne once on Rotten Row and once at Brown's Hotel for tea he feigned surprise I should have remembered his name but he also issued a warning, saying Captain Taverne had rather a bad reputation where ladies were concerned.

"He's not always prudent . . ."

Herbert was still in dressing gown, the heavy brocade, the one with the gold tassels and peacock motive in mauve and pink. He was also still wearing his silk night cap and the combination of his attire and pompous warning put me in mind of Mr. P . . ., the master of the house where I once served as scullery maid. It suddenly struck me how much Herbert and Mr. P . . . had in common though I was glad to say that the resemblance was purely superficial; any similarity of character between these two men was hard to imagine.

I told Herbert I had heard of the rumours concerning Captain Taverne but failed to see why I should concern myself with them as the captain did not belong to my own circle of intimate friends.

I did not add 'yet' as this would have been in bad taste. Lucille M . . . always maintains no woman should ever take a lover unless she was certain it would make her husband deliciously jealous.

Herbert looked at my loose morning gown and remarked upon its clever lines. "You look ravishing, Amy . . ." I permitted him a kiss but, when he tried to insert a hand inside my bodice I turned aside, telling him that Mavis could return any second to help me dress. I suppose I do treat him abominably now and again but I console myself with the thought that his nature revels in the occasional self pity. Were I to become an ordinary, dreary wife without a will of my own I feel certain he'd be the first to despise me for it. I must, at all cost, preserve the pedestal on which public acclaim placed me before marriage . . .

Illustration by Alun Hood

I had luncheon with Lucille at the Ritz where we discussed the latest Paris fashion which is said to decree such low décolleté that the Queen has refused to tolerate it at Court. We also discussed *Mademoiselle de Maupin* and Lucille confessed the book gave her feelings of hot and burning desire. She considers the work matchless and swears it has caused her to renew her affair with Mr. C . . ., whose glamour had begun to wane. Surely, of all my friends, Lucille is the most deliciously shameless. Herbert says she is making her poor husband a public cuckold but, whereas this may well be true, I cannot bear to hear evil spoken of her. Maybe it is her beauty that influences my opinion. To me, Lucille is the perfect lady and I can never understand why she should be envying me. She thinks she is too tall for a woman of fashion and would dearly love to have my petite stature but I myself would not mind having some of her truly junoesque shape. Lucille is magnificent. I can easily see why men admire her. Such a lovely and well-shaped head. Such a beautiful face. How perfect the oval of it. What a dainty rose-bud for a mouth—what cherry lips. And those exquisite rounded shoulders, those full arms, the shape of each always plainly visible under the thin fabric of her close-fitting dresses. How proudly each swelling breast fills out her desire-provoking bodice.

Whenever I enthuse about Lucille, Herbert tells me I have the tendencies of the women of Lesbos who were reputed to love one another the way a man loves a woman and I swear he looks at me very hard, probably hoping for the tell-tale blush to tell him his barb has found its mark but I'm too well-trained on the professional stage to give away my feelings that easily; besides, both Lucille and I are too ardent admirers of men to indulge in any unnatural practices though I must admit I'm aware of pleasurable sensations whenever Lucille's dark eyes are resting upon me or when she kisses me impulsively the way she can do on the spur of the moment.

We were still discussing *Mademoiselle de Maupin* when Captain Taverne entered the dining room in company of two fellow officers. When he spotted us in our corner he excused himself and came over to pay his respects. I must say he looks very handsome and bears himself with considerable grace. He is very tall, well over six foot, and has magnificent wide shoulders, like an athlete. His waist is narrow. In his tight breeches the contours of his buttocks are as clearly visible as the bulge in his groin. I could not help wondering which of us was the prime cause: Lucille or myself? He has brown eyes that have a bold, searching glance though his speech is always reserved. Though he addressed most of his polite remarks to Lucille whom he has known for some time, her husband having served with him in India, I noted that his eyes kept straying in my direction. At one point Lucille was fully occupied with the gerant, choosing the right wines, and the captain quickly bent over low and whispered to me:

"Why are you avoiding me, Lady M . . .? You're driving me to insanity."

He looked truly handsome in his scarlet uniform and his brooding, dark eyes devouring the revealing shape of my bosom. I pretended not to have heard his imprudent remark and enquired after Anne de L . . . who, rumours have it, will soon be his bride. I could see my question annoyed him. It certainly proves a temper on his part which I may do well to remember. "I must see you . . ." he began but, right then, Lucille had finished ordering the wine and enquired after some mutual acquaintances.

After the captain had left Lucille asked me if he was my lover yet and, when I replied "certainly not" she lightly touched my wrist with her glove and called me a tease. "It's

time you rescued the poor boy; he is so obviously smitten by you."

Luncheon over, we went to Fortnum & Mason where I purchased some Lebanese honey while Lucille settled for candied dates, saying she needed a peace offering for her husband Alfred. "I don't want to make it too big or he'll suspect me of having a guilty conscience—which I have of course . . ."

Telling my coachman we'd stroll home on foot we spent an agreeable hour in the Burlington Arcade where Lucille met no fewer than three gentlemen whom, she swore, had been her lovers ("Old lovers should quietly disappear from view, don't you agree, Amy . . . ?")

Herbert and I dined alone for the first time in nearly ten days. With the Season in full swing to eat with one's husband in private almost seems a breach of etiquette. After Hodskin had served coffee and liqueurs in the drawing room Herbert suggested a game of billiards but I declined, saying I was feeling fatigued. To my surprise he took it quite well and even complimented me on my new dress which had arrived from Paris that same morning, saying it offset my beautiful figure to its fullest advantage. Two compliments in one day from Herbert could only mean one thing. He was intending to seek my bed. I pretended ignorance of his intentions and spoke of the new horseless carriages which one sees increasingly more in the streets of London. I said he owed it to his station in life, and society, to acquire one. From the way he readily agreed to go into the matter with some knowledgeable engineer I guessed he wanted to avoid vexing my humour. The idea made me smile though I refused to divulge the real reason. I doubt if he would have appreciated the cause. The truth was that his eager face, flushed with port, reminded me so strongly of Mr. P . . . that I was once again back in the days when, as a fourteen-year-old scullery maid, it had been sometimes my duty to carry the hot shaving water and bowl up to the master's bedroom.

To me, at that age, Mr. P . . . was a constantly frightening monster that might, any day now, devour me. As a mere scullery maid I was not often permitted inside the living quarters of the P . . . family but, on the few occasions when I did meet the large master of the house, I would cower in fear, very much aware of the hammering of my heart high in my throat. The stories told about him in the servants quarters were enough to frighten any young girl. One of the footmen had told me the master slept regularly with the mistress's personal maid and that this same maid was also forced to acquire other girls for his enormous appetite. These girls were brought in from the street. I have since often doubted these stories but, at the time, they were real enough to put the fear of God into me at the mere mention of his name.

One day I brought him his shaving bowl and hot water and had just deposited these articles on the marble commode and was on the verge of leaving quickly when he woke up from a fitful sleep in his chair and called me back sharply. He asked me my name, the way he always did, and on learning it to be Amy, regarded me with a baleful eye and said:

"You're a comely wench, Amy. How old are you?"

When I stammered "Fourteen, Sir . . .", he looked me all over in a way that had my blood running cold in my veins. Suddenly he stuck out a hand and ordered me to come closer. "I want to feel you, girl . . ."

I shall never forget the sensations when his podgy hand kneaded my young body, pinched my budding breasts and weighed my buttocks. I tried to draw back when he raised my skirts and petticoats but he bellowed: "Stand still, confound you, girl . . ."

He told me that I had 'fine legs' and might well possess 'bloody magnificent ones' one day. Slipping his hand right up underneath my shift he pulled my curly hair and wanted to know if I were still a virgin.

"I don't suppose you are, are you? Tell me, Amy, who serves you most; the footman or the gardener?"

To this day I remember the blush that stole up all the way from my bodice when thinking of what his answer would be were I to tell him it was his youngest son, Charlie, who 'served' me deliciously three or four times a week whenever he was home from Eton. Charlie was seventeen and a very handsome boy he was with his fine, blue eyes and rosy cheeks. He was tall for his age and bore himself with a natural grace, a big difference with most other young gentlemen of his age.

Charlie and I had been engaged in 'serving' each other for two holidays now and were quite apt in arranging opportunities. These arose mostly in the afternoons when Trubbing, the butler, and Mrs. Howels, the house-keeper, retired for an afternoon nap. Charlie would put his head around the kitchen door and, if this was empty, tell me to meet him in the garden shed.

"Quick, Amy, dearest . . . I long so much for you . . ."

Ah, how sweet those words sounded to a young scullery maid who was used to be ordered around by all and sundry.

The first time Charlie had noticed me had been during the Easter holidays. I had felt his eyes upon me as I entered his room with his suitcase. When I was about to leave he asked me my name. He said Amy was a lovely name and I was a lovely girl. From that day onwards Charlie and I seemed to bump into each other more and more and I soon realised this was no accident. When he learned I was an orphan and could hardly read or write he offered to teach me and proceeded to do so at every opportunity. Our meetings could hardly remain a secret to the eagle eyes of Mr. Trubbing who spoke of dismissing me at the first sign of a swollen

"He's being charged with possessing an offensive weapon."

belly. "I won't have no pregnant little whores in my house, me girl."

Despite everything Charlie and I always managed to keep meeting and, on the second week, he declared to be in love with me. He had chanced to come upon me when I was lacing my going-out boots and snatched the opportunity to appraise my leg.

"What a beautiful, neat ankle," he exclaimed, putting his hand upon it.

I was caught off-guard and, before I knew what he was up to, he had slipped his hand up and was raising my apron and skirts.

"Master Charlie!" I exclaimed. "Take your hand away or I shall scream." "Oh, no you won't." "Yes, I will!"

To this day I don't know if I would have screamed or not but he suddenly grabbed my face between his hands and/*continued on page 30*

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Memoirs of Amy
A Victorian Diary

continued from page 26/kissed me full on the lips. I fled from him in the utmost confusion.

For days he kept following me around, entreating me to kiss him, asking to let him kiss me, begging me to show him my legs. I kept refusing but, as his entreaties became stronger, my refusals became weaker until, one day, I allowed the young rascal to put his hand up all the way where he could feel my private self. Pushing his hands between my thighs he got one finger on my vulva. He nearly fainted and, again, declared his love. Dropping to one knee he implored me to let him look but I refused, saying he was a wicked boy. Covering my face with kisses he said he was in love with me and would dearly love to 'serve' me. He asked me if I were a virgin and, when I said no, he got very excited and wanted to know who had taken my maidenhead but I refused to tell him of that degrading and humiliating experience.

"What was it like, Amy? How does it feel to have a man inside you? What's it feel like when a man comes inside you?"

One afternoon he took me to the garden shed where he became more amorous than ever and would not listen to my entreaties. Taking out his pego he made me look at its stiff and swollen condition, saying I was the cause of it all.

"Look, Amy, I'm a man. Now let me feel you. Oh, do, let me feel you."

My head was in a whirl as he raised my skirts saying he'd let me feel his pego if I permitted him to see my snatch. Next, I felt his eager lips on my young sheath and heard his ecstatic sighs as he felt my curly motte.

"Let me . . . Amy. Oh, please, let me . . . I'll die if I can't 'serve' you, if I can't put my pego in your delicious belly."

Next thing, he pulled me down upon a pile of old sacking, holding me tight. I felt delirious.

"Promise you won't tell a soul," I whispered.

"Upon my soul," he swore. "Not a soul."

I opened my thighs and, next, his hands were roaming all over me. He kissed me everywhere. He felt my haunches, saying they were like velvet and, then, entered me, our mouths glued together. For the first time in my life I had new voluptuous sensations as we began our mutual heaves. This 'serving' was so totally different from the way I had been forced to do it thus far.

The delights of love were new to me. The delight of wet kisses, of rolling my tongue over Charlie's beautiful white teeth as we exchanged liquids. His pego was quite large for a boy his age and he stroked me so powerfully he fetched me before he came himself. Ah, the exquisite delight as I felt the spouting torrents of his love darting in hot, quick jets into my vulva, striking against the deepest part of my by now maddened cleft. Seizing my mouth with his he shot his tongue into it as far as it would go, pouring his hot, delicious breath down my throat, while his whole body quivered with excitement.

Getting off the sacking I found we had wetted my chemise. Dear Charlie was mortified but I told him not to worry. I believe I was very much in love with him. 'Serving' Charlie had been so different from the way I had been initiated into the game of love.

Herbert interrupted my reminiscences into the past by urging me to partake more than usual of the port. I could see through his game. He thought that, by feeding me alcohol, he would induce me to agree to the particular kind of perversions he loves so much, later on, in bed. It is sad to reflect how it takes over a year to learn of a husband's idiosyncrasies during intercourse. I sometimes wonder at what age Herbert had acquired these perversions and how many gay women* had complied with his wishes. Surely, no youth started off in life with such strange, unnatural inclinations? I wonder if Charlie P . . . has acquired any. He was very sweet at seventeen and I remember him with great affection. We served each other through a most agreeable summer.

Friday, 26th . . .

Captain Philip Taverne took myself and Lucille for a ride in his new horseless carriage. It is of German make and most powerful, easily capable of pulling four grown-up people at speeds exceeding twelve miles an hour. Philip is very proud of his machine and spent nearly the whole afternoon explaining its workings though I must admit all of it went over my head and, I dare say, over Lucille's as well, despite her attempts to make it seem to the contrary.

It seems the motor runs on benzine and is cooled by an ingenious system of water pipes. This is necessary as otherwise the heat might well set the entire carriage in flames. The benzine spreads a most insistent odour that pervades all clothing and, on Philip's advice, we have donned protective clothing that makes us look quite dashing and sporting. I do not like wearing the large goggles but Philip insists as they form a protection for the eyes against swirling dust and stones thrown up by the wheels.

He insisted on me sharing the front bench with him. On several occasions, when manipulating the various rods, wheels and shafts all around him, he touched my legs and, at one time, exerted pressure which could not be mistaken. When demonstrating the wagon's braking powers he applied the shoes so fast to the spoked wheels I was forced to lurch violently against him. In righting me with his free hand it rested momentarily upon my breast. He apologised but his deep blush testified to the extent to which the incident affected him. From her back seat Lucille archly touched him on the shoulder with the ferrule of her parasol.

"La la, captain. Shouldn't a chauffeur keep his hands upon the steering wheel at all times?"

I must admit it was a thrilling experience to sit perched high on a carriage and not look down upon the back of a trotting horse. It was an eerie feeling to be propelled thus, at considerable speed, through streets and along country lanes with nothing to pull one forward but that strange, noisy box at the rear. Every now and again the box will emit the most fearsome noises which, at first, frightened us, making us squeal with anguish. It reminded me of Herbert who maintains that a lady lowers herself by climbing upon these 'noise boxes' but I do not agree. By the end of the day I was firmly resolved not to rest until Herbert too had bought an autocar, as these vehicles are more and more called by the public.

We drove to Kingston where we arrived in a remarkably short time without any mishap or stop to rest the horses—they were all under the bonnet. By now I was well accustomed to the vehicle and able to enjoy its masculine comfort of leather seats and brass handles. I particularly admired the gleaming brass carbide lanterns which are said to throw a light equal to two hundred candles! Herbert maintains an autocar lowers a man's dignity. He says a man and a horse go together but a man on an autocar looks ridiculous. I cannot agree. Looking at Philip, in his bright yellow, rubber motoring coat, sitting proudly back with his strong hands firmly on the steering wheel, I feel a distinct sensation of awe and admiration. I must confess that the captain is beginning to intrigue me and fill my thoughts.

He took us to lunch in the pavilion at Kew's Botanical Gardens and, afterwards, Lucille, looking at my flushed face, asked whether the flush was due to the luncheon, the motorcar or Philip. She can be a most aggravating, indiscreet woman.

Seeing me home Philip suddenly took my hand and whispered:

"You're torturing me; I must see you alone." I had already decided he should be my next lover but considered this sudden, impulsive outburst too swift and not in keeping with a gentleman's behaviour towards a married lady, particularly as it occurred outside my own house where it might easily have been observed by one of the servants who are forever on the look-out for topics of kitchen gossip. I disengaged my hand and told Philip he was spoiling what had hitherto been a most agreeable day. I swept up the steps to the front doors without so much as a further glance in his direction. The unfortunate man must well have been regretting his rash action.

Opening the doors for me Hodskin said: "I trust my Lady enjoyed the ride?"

Knowing as I do of what goes on below the stairs, I could not help wondering if he had seen the incident. I thanked God that no butler had the power any longer to paralyse me with fear.

Herbert refused to ask whether I had enjoyed the ride and I refused to tell him without being asked. If he thinks that jealousy will deter me from obtaining a motorcar he does not yet know me fully . . .

Thursday, 3rd . . .

Philip and I had our first assignment. My love for him can no longer be denied. The man drives me to distraction. Our first love meeting was very discreetly arranged. Ostensibly I was lunching with Lucille at her London house on Berkeley Square. But after coffee had been served in the conservatory, I complained of a slight headache in the presence of her butler. Lucille suggested I should rest a little and said I would find the Rose Room very comfortable. "No one will disturb you there . . ."

I knew that the Rose Room had a wrought iron staircase leading straight into the back garden and I also knew Captain Taverne had already used this staircase while we were having our luncheon.

The minute I entered the room he stepped from behind the Chinese lacquer screen and took me in his arms. "Oh, my darling Amy; how I've longed for this moment," he said, in low tones, quivering with a passion he could no longer control and which, in minutes, communicated itself to me. He looked extraordinarily handsome in his well-fitting uniform and tight breeches which set off his powerful thigh muscles and did nothing to hide the hard bulge in his crotch.

For a few minutes we surrendered ourselves to our passions before going to the bed that had been prepared for us.

"Ah my, oh Amy," he cried, pressing my painfully swelling bosom to his hard chest, so our bodies seemed to form one. No longer did I deny him the pleasure of raising my skirts and chemise and to insert his hand between my warm thighs which were eager for his touch.

"And do you really love me, truly love me, Amy? Oh sweetest, sweetest girl of mine. Are you all mine, heart, soul, body, all?"

He never gave me time to undress myself but took to himself the pleasure of that task, tenderly kissing each part of my body as it became revealed to his rapturous gaze. Only clad in my chemise I pressed my throbbing motte against his hand, closing my thighs, while he gave me such a kiss as I had not had from a man for a long time. Next, he laid me back upon the bed and advanced. His shaft, raging to get into me, made a tent-pole inside his breeches and I could not help myself to press it hard.

"Yes, yes, Amy darling," he cried passionately, "that is all for you. Please admit it to your delectable abode, to your temple of love."

His hand had/*continued on page 104*

* *'Gay woman'—street walker.*

The Raymond Revuebar

The gentleman with the biggest smile on his face is Paul Raymond. He has every reason to smile. His Royalty and Whitehall Theatres are playing to packed houses every night. His magazine, Men Only, *is by far the highest-selling monthly publication in the country—and he has just staged his most spectacular show at the famous Raymond Revuebar in London's West End. Here, for the first time, we publish exclusive photo coverage of that incredible revue—an uncensored, exotic bonanza from the World Centre of Erotic Entertainment.*

Photographs by Michael Bramman

Bridgette and Claudia

from Germany and Yugoslavia respectively. This is an entirely new act, especially produced and staged for the Raymond Revuebar. Claudia, who used to be a high fashion model, tells us that erotic entertainment never figured on her list of ambitions—but that her performance with Bridgette is so exotic and tastefully presented that she feels this is her vocation from now on.

Edith Saphir

from Switzerland. Even to the connoisseur, Edith is notable for her perfect breasts: two up-tilting delicacies that defy gravity and drive audiences mad. Edith's act, in which she employs a glowing, artificial hand, is one long, unashamed turn-on. "Which," Edith informs us, "is just what erotic entertainment should be."

Cheri-Li

from Vietnam. One never seems to associate striptease with the sad and troubled zones of Asia, but Cheri-Li, we find, has been topping the bill in scores of South-East Asian night spots for the past three years. "My audiences were always multi-racial—Americans, Australians, Asians—but they were all united by their interest in sex. Which, when you think about it, is much better than fighting each other."

Julie and Benjamin

from France. This extremely beautiful and youthful couple have won a huge reputation in Europe for their unusual and progressive performances; erotic revolutionaries is a name that readily springs to mind. Both Julie and Benjamin strip completely during their act, which in itself is unusual. This doesn't unduly perturb Benjamin—"except when it's cold."

Impero Bros. and Lady

from France. A high-powered, fast-moving acrobatic performance, climaxed by the Brothers' incredible champagne bottle balancing act. We are advised that the trick should not be attempted unless participants have first drained both bottles. Now you know.

Pepper

from England, adds spice with a back-arching, hip-thrusting delivery straight from the old school of striptease.

Slim and His Girl

from France. One of the very unusual novelty acts that Paul Raymond has a knack of finding among the top spots of Europe's night life. Slim is a delightful Western puppet—his girl, a suggestedly viewable young lady from Nice.

Michael Allport and Jennifer

Despite the competition from the other Revuebar acts, Michael Allport and Jennifer have proved a great success with audiences—due mainly to his mind-boggling feats with a team of doves. "My birds don't take off their clothes," says Michael. "They just take off all together."

Angelique Ashley

from England, where her ribald reptile antics have caused quite a stir among Revuebar audiences. Angelique assures us that she is absolutely terrified of her snakes, business partners though they might be, and it's not unusual for them to take the occasional nip at her. All things considered, one can hardly blame them.

Rita Reaumur

from France. In the humble opinion of the Men Only *staff, Miss Reaumur is the most sensational female ever to grace a West End stage: a stunning combination of Nancy Sinatra, Jane Fonda and a seductive Bambi (imagine that!). If you will pardon the expression, Rita really knows how to throw it around, especially when gliding down the angled fur platform set in the middle of the stage. The whole thing, gentlemen, is really too, too much.*

Les Bis

from France, a classic Sapphic duet which convincingly conveys all the erotic splendour of lesbian love. Strong stuff, perhaps, but so skilful is the lighting and so artistic the movements of these lithe little Parisiennes that even the most stubborn sexual reactionary could not be offended by the display.

How to chase Fiona

. . . in which the speedy Miss Richmond takes time off from her bed bulletin and moves onto the track. John Blunsden chronicles her progress

An exhaustive (and exhausting) survey carried out recently amongst the blankets of Britain has revealed the not surprising fact that the ultimate ambition of the male population (or at least that section of it which considers itself to be in full working order) is no longer to win the pools, but to be performance-tested by Fiona.

Extracting a ball-point for the purpose of marking down a few crosses, it seems, no longer is considered sufficiently stimulating, even though on the odd occasion it could be immensely rewarding financially, and so it would appear that mankind is more than ready to trade his treble chance on a Saturday afternoon ball game with just one chance to reveal his worth to Britain's most eminent researchologist any day (or night) of the week.

Fiona, for her part, has recently been engaged in proving that she is not, as some readers might have been led to gather, entirely one-track minded. Moreover, she has discovered that the second most enjoyable sensation known to woman is to be found in the cockpit of a racing car. Men, of course, discovered this a long time ago, nevertheless it is fitting that the girl who has such a refreshingly male-like enthusiasm for other activities should also enjoy at first-hand the unique pleasures of the race track.

Motor racing, like the majority of power sports, is an expensive game, and if you are really hard up for a means of getting rid of a few thousand quid, I couldn't recommend an easier way. In fact, it is so expensive that motor racing in Britain (and most other places for that matter) would not have survived on its present scale but for the emergence of the 'easy way in' through the medium of the racing drivers' school.

There are a number of such establishments in existence, and in fact racing drivers' schools have been around since the very early 'fifties. But the majority of them have been small-scale operations, and have disappeared without trace (unless you know exactly how to run them they, too, can be a very rapid method of disposing of unwanted cash!)

Motor Racing Stables, based at Brands Hatch in Kent, but also with divisions operating at Silverstone in

Photographs by Michael Brammar

Northants and Croft in Yorkshire, is the largest and certainly has a great reputation.

To the unconcealed delight of all who habituate the Brands Hatch Clubhouse on Fridays and Saturdays, Fiona was invited to a session with Motor Racing Stables, and subsequently she went on to take a few laps with the school at Silverstone. The verdict? 'She's a natural,' her instructors said, a remark with which no avid reader of *Men Only* could possibly disagree. It seems that she gets a lot more enjoyment out of the curves than the long straight bits (and no doubt a psycho-analyst would have a ball over that) and on her first two tests she revealed a sense of rhythm which is essential for success in motor racing, as indeed it is for so many other pastimes and sports.

How good will she become? Who knows, but how better a way of finding out than following in her wheel tracks and having a go yourself? Who knows, this may be one game in which she'll more than find her match, though if you do happen to beat her your prize will have to be entirely by negotiation!

If you do decide to blow away the cobwebs with a session at Motor Racing Stables you'll probably find yourself standing slightly apprehensively alongside the track at Brands Hatch, clutching your wallet and your crash helmet (if you haven't one of the latter it won't matter, because the school will provide one for your use, but it's a waste of time being there if you're not armed with a few pound notes—a dozen will do for a start).

The state of apprehension will be understandable, but you will soon realise that it was not necessary, for there is nothing forbidding about your initial introduction to the subtleties of racing car driving.

The first part of your test will comprise a few laps in a normal road car with one of the school's instructors beside you. You will be asked to drive the car in your normal fashion at a reasonable speed (no heroics!) and making use of the full width of the track. In other words, you will be allowed to assume that the race track consists of one half of a normal highway. Your instructor will be carrying a report sheet with him and will be observing and marking you on a number of relevant points, such as smoothness, rhythm (again!), lines through corners, use of mirror, gear-changing, application of power, heel-and-toe changing-down, and so on.

The idea of this is to obtain some idea of your basic driving com-

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petence. It also acts as a safety valve for the school in that it ensures that no-one climbs into one of their racing cars when he is patently incompetent.

The next step is for the pupils to go forward to the blackboard session. This is a 'classroom' session, during which a senior instructor will outline the configuration of the circuit being used (in the case of Brands Hatch it is the 1·24 miles club circuit), and explain the fundamentals of racing driving technique with particular reference to how they differ from normal driving technique. This is a most important part of the day's instruction, and it certainly pays pupils to concentrate during this session if they are to get maximum value for money, and maximum enjoyment. This session usually ends up in a question-and-answer period, which can also be very informative, and afterwards the pupils, one by one, are given Part 3 of their initial training.

The few pupils not gaining a pass-mark in their analysis—and who are therefore not considered safe to go into a single-seater—are then given the opportunity to take personal instruction in one of the saloon cars, to bring them up to the required standard.

Driving a single-seater is the icing on the cake. For almost all pupils it is their first opportunity to go it alone. It is a thrill that you never forget. A power-to-weight ratio that gives you more "poke" low down (excuse the expression!) than an E-type, and Ferrari-type road holding! Pupils are allowed five laps in one of the school's Formula Fords (single-seaters with Ford Cortina GT engines), which are intended to be nothing more than familiarisation laps, during which you learn to 'feel' the controls of the car, get used to watching your instruments and mirrors, and accustomed to viewing the race circuit from a much lower driving position than that of a normal road car, even a sports car. The laps are not timed, and no-one will be balled-out for driving too slowly, though they may earn a mouthful if they fail to use their mirrors and 'chop off' a faster car coming up behind.

The five laps completes the initial instruction at Motor Racing Stables, and from then on the successful pupils are invited to move on to further instruction. For this purpose they are divided into classes, all initially being put into Class 6. In Class 5, timing is introduced, the lap times being linked to a rigid rev. limit. Every rev. counter has a 'tell tale' needle to expose any over-revving in which a pupil may have indulged in order to achieve his 'bogey' time and earn promotion to the next class. (He'll not get promotion that way, just a rocket!)

As soon as a pupil reaches Class 4 (he can do that for an outlay of well under £50 if he is an average driver), he is allowed to compete in special races in one of the school's cars, so there's a big incentive to do well.

Unfortunately, the better you become the more it tends to cost you, because after the basic instruction on the first day you pay for your tuition at the rate of a pound a lap, and even the best potential drivers need a great many laps to perfect their craft. But compare the few hundred quid with the costs of going out and buying your own car to race . . .

But any school pupil, unless he just goes through the initial tuition so as to be able to tell his drinking pals 'I once drove a racing car' (forgetting to add that it was at 20 mph!) should be prepared to invest in his own racing kit.

Even though helmets and goggles can be provided, there is nothing worse than ill-fitting gear (and you may have a funny-shaped head!). Also, there's the safety factor, and when you get down to advanced driving it's as well to have flame-proof driving kit, including underwear (and you can't expect to share that with your fellow pupils, besides, Fiona's wouldn't fit).

Good racing kit does not come cheaply, but don't even try to economise on it. If you take a trip up the Finchley Road, and drop by Les Leston's emporium, he'll probably need in the region of £50 to kit you out in top-quality gear from head to toe (mind you, if you can give him an intro to Fiona you might be able to persuade him to knock off a bit!).

So there you are . . . the cheapest way into racing. There are also side-benefits of joining Motor Racing Stables, because they tend to develop quite a social scene away from the track. This is particularly the case, I'm told, at Croft, where chief instructor Tony Lanfranchi (the one-man Morecambe and Wise act of motor racing, and a very talented racing driver) is in control most Fridays.

Maybe Croft is the place to go if you're aiming to chase and beat Fiona, because so far she hasn't been up there (she's too infatuated with 'that beautiful big corner at Silverstone at the end of that boring long straight'). So get in your practice in the relative seclusion of Yorkshire, then come South and surprise her. She'll be continuing her lessons through the spring and early summer in the hope that she'll be racing later this season.

And if you fail to make it, and she blows you off when you go into Woodcote Corner side-by-side, take consolation from the fact that you could still go on to become a future World Champion! They all started somewhere. And where better than at Brands, Silverstone or Croft?

Rugged lady that she is, the indomitable Fiona always has a soft spot for the enthusiastic amateur, especially when it comes to a quick gear shift or handling a tricky clutch. Mind you, though, she's also pretty handy at taking off the brakes when one is not looking. And driving with Fiona in the seat beside you could produce some thrilling jaunts that don't always appear on the maps. Who's complaining, though? MF

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Penelope

Photographs by Eric Bach

I want to make it perfectly clear before I go any further that I'm only doing this for a laugh.

I get so fed-up with people who come up to me at parties and say: "You're the most beautiful girl in the room." Of course some of the men are on the make but not all of them and even women say: "I do so envy you. You're so beautiful. You've got it all made for you." This is absolutely ridiculous. Beauty is like ugliness: it exists. And when you stop and consider it objectively—if you can consider it objectively—my 'beauty' is ephemeral: it will disintegrate in middle age. I'm not complaining—I have no fear whatsoever of growing old. Old Age can have a serenity and a dignity all Her own. But the point is this. Though nearly seventy, Greta Garbo is still beautiful—and Katharine Hepburn's magnificent bone structure gives majesty to her admittedly weathered face.

Another point I'd like to make is this: one cannot consider beauty without taking into consideration sex appeal. The two greatest sex goddesses of the century, Jean Harlow and Marilyn Monroe, were sex goddesses, not merely because they were beautiful, but because they were successful in making sex not only fun, but funny. The sex symbols who took themselves seriously, like Theda Bara, ended up in Disneyland.

My boyfriend reads Men Only and in a fit of pique, I rang up the editor and brazenly said: "I consider myself centre-spread material." Well, of course he laughed right down the phone but he asked me to go along and see him. That's when I started getting cold feet. He said I looked 'promising' but explained that a few test shots would have to be made. I had no idea how complicated the whole business is. It was weeks before the tests could be arranged and the actual photographic sessions took not hours, but days. It was simply gruelling. And I'm relieved it's over.

What about me? Well, there's not an awful lot to say. I was born in Sussex but spent my entire childhood in the States, in Rochester, New York, where my father was doing scientific research. However my parents are very English and partial to English education—they consider it superior to American education—and so I was sent to a very snobbish private school in the States (we may have a class system here but, my God, Americans are class conscious) and then sent home to England for the rest of my schooling. However, it wasn't as bad as it could have been: I was allowed to spend every Christmas, Easter and summer holiday in the States.

Then I went to University. Here. I did Physics and Chemistry—because of the influence of my father whom I adored. However I can assure you that, unlike him, I'm no scientist but I work for an American scientific publishing company with offices in London and I know enough about the subject to proof read scientific textbooks and journals and see them through the various stages of production.

A couple of years ago, my father died

so I went out to comfort my mother and bring her back to England. I couldn't get over the changes in New York State. Lake Ontario is so polluted that the entire length of its shore line is barricaded by barbed wire to protect the public and rumour has it that if you threw a match into Lake Erie, it would explode.

Of course changes had taken place in me as well. I missed the BBC and noticed the absence of a responsible local press. I personally don't like eating dinner at 5.30 in the afternoon and I don't like drinking coffee with *my meal—I like wine.*
But you know something. I just loved the beer!

Miss Penelope Hunt
Men Only Girl
April
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Collogue

How important a role does Erotic Fantasy play in the everyday life of a woman? Is marriage at all possible without Erotic Fantasy?

Does Erotic Fantasy necessarily have to centre around the husband (or boyfriend) or can it involve third parties, real or imaginary, without endangering the stability (or happiness) of marriage as a lasting union?

The answer to these and many other questions were answered when a well-known sexologist interviewed a number of women about their private Erotic Imagination and the part it played in their everyday life.

He soon found that women who indulge in Erotic Fantasy fall into four distinct catagories:

1. Women whose Erotic Fantasy never strays from the husband (or lover). These women will feel distinctly guilty whenever this rule is broken. To them, mental fidelity is as essential, as real and as actual as physical faithfulness.

2. Women whose Erotic Fantasy roams freely over a large range of real and imaginary men without any feelings of guilt whatsoever as long as their physical love-making is done with the husband (or boyfriend).

3. Women who cannot keep Imagination and Reality separated for too long: those to whom Erotic Fantasy concerning another man will, inevitably, lead to actual infidelity.

4. Women who have come to rely so much on Erotic Fantasy for their sex life that an orgasm is virtually impossible unless their Erotic Fantasy comes into play, irrespective of the sexual partner.

Taking four women whom he considered typical of these four classes, the author brought them together for an informal discussion which was put on tape with their consent.

These conversations are published word for word, as they took place, and only edited for length or when those taking part in the Collogue drifted from the subject under discussion. The names of the participants have been changed for obvious reasons.

The four women were:

Wendy: 28. Born in Glasgow. Very attractive, though somewhat naive. Limited education. Nervous and shy but ready to defend her views strongly. Strict upbringing. Married with two children.

Sonia: 24. Born in Peterborough. Very beautiful. Eurasian. Impulsive and warm-hearted. Apt to see life in 'black and white'. Married. No children.

Beth: 27. Born in Crewe. Cool, sophisticated, blonde. Matter-of-fact way of looking at life. Inclined to sit back and listen but very forthright when once drawn out of her shell. Married with one child.

Katie: 30. Born in Scunthorpe. Well-educated. Lively brunette with a sense of humour. Tends to flirt. Married with one child.

The author begins the discussion by posing the question: is Erotic Fantasy essential for Sexual Happiness?

Beth: Yes.

Wendy: I disagree. But it helps, I suppose. I mean, it's nice.

Katie: Only as an aphrodisiac. A jolly nice extra.

Sonia: Yes.

Beth: Do you enjoy it?

Sonia: Maybe too well. I'd hate to get hooked on fantasy.

Beth: H'm. That brings us to the question: does anyone really *enjoy* sex—apart from the short-lived agonising gratification?

Katie: Certainly I do! I love all aspects of sex and Erotic Fantasy is to sex what spices are to food: that little bit of extra taste that makes it all simply divine.

Wendy: I'm not sure I agree there.

Katie: Elucidate, my dear.

Wendy: I may be wrong of course and, if so, please forgive me but I have the impression you treat sex more light-heartedly than I do.

Beth: I was under the impression the four of us represented groups that combine sex with Erotic Fantasy. Doesn't that implicate that . . .?

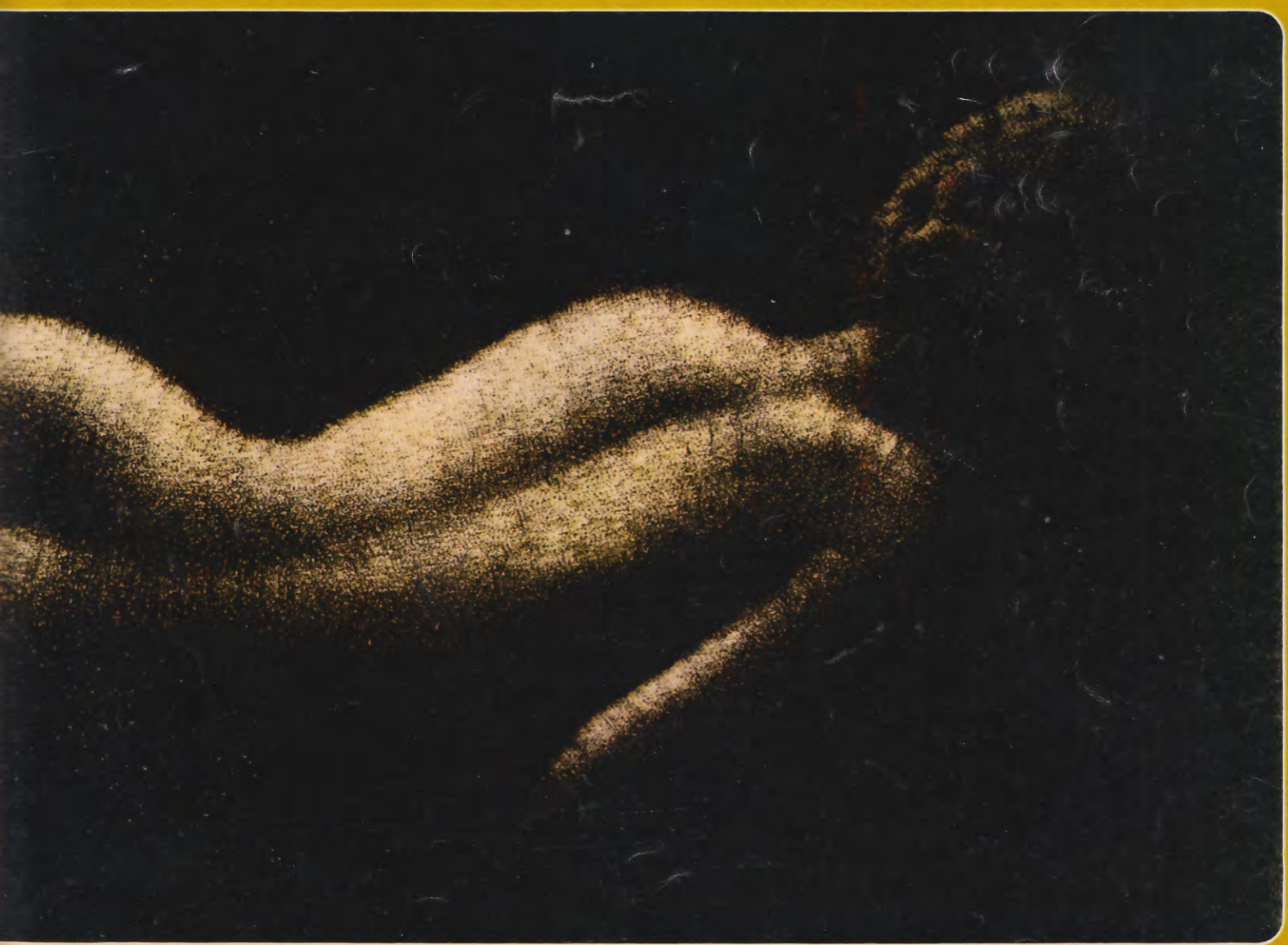
Wendy: Oh, I do weave erotic fantasies around sex but I do so while having sex with my *husband*. Oh, dear! I do put it badly; I'm giving the impression I'm a prig and that I think Katie is a . . . Oh, hell; I'm making it worse. What I mean is that Katie gives the impression that she treated sex very lightly whereas I don't.

Katie: Forget it. None of us is an expert speaker and I daresay we're all a bit nervous; I know I am! But I know what you mean and I'm dead curious to learn how Erotic Fantasy is helping you enjoy sex more if you stick so religiously to your husband.

you mean to say that even your tasies are centred around *him?*
endy: I must admit they stray netimes but, when they do, I feel ry guilty afterwards.
nia: How can your fantasy centre ound your husband when you're tually in bed with him? I mean, y not ask him to make your fan-y come to life?
endy: That's silly! My fantasy is ound things I can't ask my husband do.
nia: I don't think I quite get that.
th: Neither do I.
endy: Oh, dear! I do seem to be d girl out. What I meant was, my tasy concerns things I shouldn't but, like most sins, the thought ates a certain pleasure.
th: You call your fantasy 'sin'?
endy: Well, it *is* sin, isn't it?
nia: Speak for yourself.
tie: Hear, hear!
endy: I'm sorry but I happen to ld strong views on sex. I know it's dern to belittle its spiritual signi-ance but I don't go along with se views. I believe in clean sex and with your husband.
tie: Yet, if you want to get turned , you have to think of 'sin'?
endy: Yes. It's sad but there it is. pecially after eight years of mar-ge.

Beth: This fascinates me. Could you explain a bit more?
Katie: Yes. What kind of 'sin' do you think of while your husband is assuming his love-making position?
Wendy: I'm sure my fantasies are pretty innocent compared to yours but they're no less important to me. All right, I'll tell you what I do. Whenever I find I'm not in the mood on Saturday nights . . .
Sonia Saturday nights . . .?
Wendy: That's the night John and I usually . . . make love.
Sonia: I see. All right. Continue . . .
Wendy: When I'm not in the mood I begin to think of all the things he used to do when we were on honeymoon. I concentrate very hard on them, imagine he's doing them right now and, gradually, I find I'm getting in the mood.
Sonia: What sort of things?
Wendy: . . . the things men do before sex has become a routine . . . kissing . . . and . . .
Katie: Come off it. You fantasise about more than him kissing you. Out with it.
Wendy: All right. I think about John kissing my body.
Katie: Your body. You mean clitoris, you sinful little thing! But has he already stopped doing that?
Wendy: Well . . .

Beth: I can't see you being chosen for this kind of discussion if all you do is dream of your hubby performing cunnilingus. I'll bet you think of other men doing that to you, don't you?
Wendy: I try not to but that's sometimes very difficult. I may have seen a great film with some attractive leading man and . . .
Sonia: Bang! Instant Orgasm With Steve MacQueen. I know! The *average* husband is so dull a girl would *never* get a climax if she didn't imagine herself in bed with Tom Jones once in a while. The thing is, would you *sleep* with your dream-man if you had the chance?
Wendy: Never. It's wicked enough to feel excited—turned on—by another man. Remember what the Bible says: "if a man . . ."
Sonia: If you daren't even *think* of another man I suppose it's useless asking you if you've ever been actually unfaithful?
Wendy: I sin quite enough without having to add *that* to my long list.
Katie: I don't hold with infidelity but I see nothing wrong in 'thinking' about other men. I'm thirty. I've been married nine years. It would be a physical impossibility to be still excited by the same man, especially when he's developed a pot-belly since we married. Just as I don't expect him to turn hand springs at the thought, or the sight, of me. I quite cheerfully draw my inspiration from anywhere I can: film stars, television, friends, even men I met shopping that day; anyone capable of giving me a rise. I'll bet Daniel does the same thing: chooses a dishy bird to think of while kissing me.
Sonia: Reminds me of that old joke of the husband who's listless in bed. His wife asks him why he's performing so badly and he replies: "Sorry, darling—I just can't seem to dream up anyone to think of . . ."
Katie: Yes, that's the way it goes in our bedroom: Daniel and me making love with our eyes firmly closed; him thinking he's stuffing Brigitte Bardot or Jane Fonda, and me pretending I'm having it away with Michael Caine.
Wendy: Do you think your husband knows you're thinking about other men?
Katie: He's too shrewd a psychologist not to guess it. He's wonderfully broad-minded; as long as I don't actually *practise* my fantasies he couldn't care less. Anyway, he can only benefit; I'm a much better lay when I think James Garner is churning me up, just as he performs a lot better when he pretends I'm someone else.



Sonia: James Garner would be a bit difficult to arrange. But you said you also drew inspiration from friends and neighbours; are you never tempted to transfer your, er, admiration to the subject in person?

Katie: Not really . . . I tried it once and it was a disaster.

Wendy: What happened?

Katie: We acquired new neighbours, a young couple. He was called Guy. He was gorgeous and the more he figured in my nightly imagination the better he looked the next morning. One day the two of us happened to be alone. Daniel had gone up North on business and Guy's wife was away visiting her mother. We met over the garden fence when I was hanging up some smalls to dry. We had coffee together and, in the evening, watched TV at his place. To cut a long story short we had a drink and, by ten o'clock, we were kissing. Finally we shed our knickers. At first, things went very much as they did in my imagination. He kissed well and smelled good. Then we started to make love and that's where imagination and reality parted company. In my dreams he spent ages saying the right things, kissing for hours, fingering me, playing with my breasts and tickling my clitoris until I was coming like a waterfall. In real life he did nothing of the sort. The minute he felt that I was getting wet, he became very excited and mounted me. In seconds he forgot all about kissing and caressing. He took ages coming and sweated like a pig. Sweat kept falling upon my face and I felt awful. All desire had left me. All I wanted was for him to hurry, push it home and leave me. I wanted to wash and hide in shame. Instead of enjoying sex I kept thinking of Daniel and how much more I enjoyed being with him in bed—and I thought how awful it would be if he were to walk in now and see me like this, with my dress half off, my legs wide apart, one foot on the carpet and one high up in the air between Guy and the back of the settee. And Guy grinding away in me, making those disgusting noises like a blocked-up kitchen sink. I remember feeling sick. What was I doing? I didn't care a damn about this man.

Wendy: I *knew* it'd be like that! I'm glad I never tried it.

Katie: Ever since, I stick to imagination *only* while safely moving underneath good old Daniel.

Sonia: It's quite clear you drew the wrong number. It doesn't have to be a disappointment, you don't know what you're missing.

Wendy: You mean, you don't mind if your erotic longings lead to infidelity?

Sonia: Not in the least. In fact, I prefer it. I've long since passed the stage of day-dreaming about film stars for the simple reason that I find it sterile. What's the good of imagining yourself in Oliver Reed's arms when you know damn well there isn't a hope of it ever coming true? Like you, I started dreaming around big name heroes, sportsmen mostly, but, when I discovered I could just as well fantasise around men who might be available, I changed tactics.

Wendy: You mean the 'good neighbour policy' and all that?

Sonia: No, I'll deliberately choose a man I know I can get my hands on. Whenever I feel in need of a sexual stimulant I parade all the men I know before my mind's eye and try to find one that turns me on. When I discover that thinking about another man makes me respond better to Bob—that's my husband—I concentrate on things that will increase my interest. Let me give you an actual example: the first man with whom it worked was a guy from the office. I'd been married two years and was going through a thin period sex-wise. Bob's love-making had become routine and I only reached an orgasm once in a while. We were making love one night when I suddenly thought of Fred, an Australian who'd joined the office staff. Fred had taken off his shirt that morning to show us a deep scar where a shark had bitten him when he was a life guard in Sydney. All of a sudden I saw that tanned body again, with that white scar and, suddenly, I was turned on, lubricating like hell. I reached my orgasm with ease. From that day I concentrated purposely on Fred, trying to discover new points of interest which I could use by night, while Bob was making love to me.

Wendy: You mean, you and Bob make love *every* night?

Sonia: No, but I was so randy I used every trick to make my husband come up to scratch. I even stroked his penis in his trousers when he was watching TV. Bob didn't know whether to feel flattered or embarrassed. Yes. When I fantasise, man, I fantasise! You should have seen Bob's face when I did my first strip show. How was the poor devil to know I was doing it for that Aussie? Ostensibly I did it to illustrate my disgust at men who visited 'nude' shows. I said I couldn't understand how a man could go randy just because a girl stripped before him. I said 'Surely, *you* wouldn't be affected, would you?' and, saying so, I began shedding my clothes right there, in the lounge. I did it all very professionally, the right gestures, looks, movements, everything, the works! I gave him the quick, tantalising glimpses of my pubic hair and ended up, stark naked, standing in front of him, legs wide apart, cunt quivering, stroking my breasts. I was aiming at an unseen man but it was Bob who responded. He nearly jumped me. Took me on the floor, in front of the radiator. We had the most satisfactory sex of our marriage but he'll never know he was merely a stand-in for another man, that I nearly fainted with pleasure when he came in me because I made-believe it was Fred's. And the funny thing was I had scarcely exchanged more than a dozen words with the Australian.

Wendy: But you said you went further, Sonia . . .

Sonia: I do. This period of make-believe will last a few weeks but the time invariably comes when I need the guy in person and I'll go to all lengths to get him.

Wendy: Did it come off with the Australian.

Sonia: Yes. He was quite a crumpet chaser and needed little persuading. The morning after that strip-tease I began working on him in earnest and, a week later, we had our first petting session in the Archives Department. I worked at a solicitor's office and part of my duty was sorting out papers in a dusty basement vault. Once Fred knew I fancied him he followed me down there when he knew we'd be alone for a while. We were soon on kissing terms. That first day we did little more than petting, exploring each other's mouths. He stuck a couple of fingers up my knickers to make sure I came well equipped, as I explored the contours of his trousers. After all, I was in a hurry. I wasn't after a boyfriend; I wanted straight sex. The second day we explored more thoroughly. He took out my boobs and made me come by rubbing my clitoris. On the final occasion he bent me over a pile of deed boxes and took me from behind, pulling himself forward by my hips. Absolutely great!

Wendy: Didn't you feel guilty?

Sonia: Not at that moment, no! I just felt exhilarated. For the rest of the day I went around in a daze, still feeling his dried-up semen on my thighs and smelling that curious sex-odour. I never feel guilty in these short-lived affairs—they *are* short-lived, all of them.

Wendy: How long do these affairs last?

Sonia: Some don't even survive the first encounter; none last longer than two weeks. On the whole, I find that reality never lives up to my fantasy. None of the men have ever come anywhere near the ideal sexual partner I made them while pretending with Bob. I soon lose interest. Sometimes I even take a violent dislike to them while they're still actually heaving away for the first time, as Katie did to her dream lover.

Wendy: But don't the men ever turn ugly? Don't some of them want to continue?

Sonia: As I said; to most of them I'm just a randy bird—only good for a quick lay. I have a good body and I'm good in bed even if I do say so myself, but few take me seriously. After all, I'm a married woman; great to screw but not to get involved with. One nearly turned nasty. He was a teller at the district bank. When he found I fancied him a bit he went overboard and started chasing me. He was married and in the process of purchasing a small cottage just outside Godstone in Surrey where we happened to live at the time. He took me out to see the place and we had each other on the wooden floor boards of that empty house. I didn't like it all that much. He was very nervous and couldn't control himself. He made an awful mess on his trousers and my dress. I had to send it to the cleaners that same day as Bob couldn't possibly have mistaken the stain on my front, it was as big as a soup plate. I've never met another man who spurted quite that much seed, and he squirted an awful lot up me as well. It all came dripping back again, sliding down the insides of my thighs. There was no running water in the cottage and I had to clean myself with a minute hanky. To make things worse, he fell for me. He said no woman had ever made love the way I had, just because I had squeezed his penis a bit. Honest! He chased me for weeks, even spoke of divorcing his wife and speaking to my husband. I was frantic with worry. I let him sleep with me twice more, if you can call that sleeping, but things got worse. He began to phone me at all hours, at the office and at home. The thought of my marriage breaking up on account of this nightmare was almost more than I could bear. I began hating him and was near despair when, thank God, he was transferred to a branch in East Anglia. He kept writing for a couple of months but I never answered and, in the end, he gave up. That was the only time I was really worried.

Katie: And your husband has never found out?

Sonia: No, touch wood. In his own way Bob can be very jealous. I'm certain he'd beat me up if he caught me in bed with another man.

Beth: That's where my case differs from yours. I used to be like you, merely fantasise and, occasionally follow up but I've progressed from there.

Sonia: *Progressed?*

Beth: I've discovered that fantasy becomes far more exciting when my husband is involved in it.

Sonia: Involved in *your* fantasy? How can he?

Beth: Or I in his; it doesn't really matter who starts it. We discovered our mutual 'hobby' quite accidentally. Unlike Wendy's husband, *mine* found out. He joked about his own fantasies and said that men, too, used that trick. He said, if ever *I* was stuck for dream men I could always pretend he was Hugh—Ian's partner in a printing works. He was much older than Ian, fifty at least, and a bit of a playboy. We had a good laugh about the idea of me using stuttering Hugh for a 'sex starter'' but, funnily enough, when Ian said 'You're not concentrating on Hugh enough' that same night it did the trick. It must have been my increase in movement or maybe the aphrodisiacal effects of my own words as I extolled the qualities of my absent 'lover'. Whatever it was, my body responded. I began lubricating like mad. We finished in great style, with the two of us coming simultaneously, something that occurs a great deal less than sex-epic authors want us to believe. In the morning Ian made love again, once again pretending to be Hugh, stammering: 'Oh, d-d-darling . . . I want to f-f-f-fuck you so b-b-b-adly . . .' It creased me up and, again, we had great sex. Over breakfast, he asked me if there had been any stage at which I had really thought he was Hugh. I said, 'Yes, when we were kissing'. He wanted to know how I knew how Hugh kissed. One thing led to another and, in the end, he dared me to find out how good his partner was at kissing. It just so happened that Hugh dropped in two days later to say Ian had gone to Brighton to see a good customer and wouldn't be back that night. I offered Hugh a drink and he stayed for dinner. We had more drinks after dinner and, when he started paying me compliments, I suddenly decided to find out how good he really was at kissing. He was a bit surprised when I started to flirt but took the hint. Much to

my surprise, he proved bloody good. Instead of amusing me, he turned me on. When you're kissing a man you don't notice his stutter or that he's getting thin on top or hasn't the build of a Mr. Universe, especially when he knows how to kiss. To make matters worse he proved to have very experienced hands. By the time I was over my surprise about his kissing, two of his slender fingers were delicately working up my clitoris and I put up no resistance when he began kissing my breasts. On the contrary, I removed my bra. I simply adore having my breasts kissed and Ian did it all too seldom. Ian had been good at smooching during our courting period but he was an amateur compared to the much older and much more experienced Hugh. Now, all of a sudden he was after one thing—so was I. He got me to strip in the lounge and stand before him so he could kiss my vagina. I nearly crushed his teeth—I was pushing my pelvis so hard against his mouth.

Sonia: I take it you did more than that?

Beth: Yes. By midnight I took him to the bedroom and it was three o'clock before I fell asleep. The funny thing was that Hugh was very matter of fact about it all, just as if he had expected me to sleep with him one day.

Two days later he took me out for a ride in the country and parked in the woods where he made me come with his hands. His penis was so stiff he could hardly move and he tried to take me sitting down but his car was too low. I'm a tall girl and just could not straddle him properly. It was raining outside or I wouldn't have minded lying down on the moss. He said he couldn't drive back the way he was and asked if I had any objection to fellating a man. I hadn't . . .

Wendy: Didn't Ian find out?

Beth: I told him. He kept pestering me about Hugh. If I looked tired, he'd say: 'No need asking where you've been; in the hay with that Casanova.' One day I got suddenly angry and told him he was right; Hugh and I had been in the hay and it had been bloody good. He blinked several times, trying to make up his mind whether or not I was joking and, when my face told him I wasn't, he turned very pale. When I refused to say more he suddenly said: 'Okay, so tell me about it.' Still feeling angry I did just that, going into anatomical details, including a description of how I fellated Hugh in the car. It was during that description that Hugh suddenly threw me on the settee and began tearing at my clothes. We had a violent sexual wrestle and, when it was all over, we looked at each other and he said, shakily: 'Seems you should get that old bastard to shag you more often; it improves our sex.'

Katie: Daniel would have killed me.

Wendy: Did you do it with any others?

Beth: Naturally, darling. You ought to know that you can't look back in the games of sex. After Hugh had lost his power to turn us on, Ian and I set out deliberately to find someone else and still do. We go through the list of our mutual 'possibles' and pick the one that suits us best. It always begins with him playing the part of that man, making love to me while pretending to be him and it ends with me setting out to get that man in bed. Once the man has made love to me I tell Ian all about it and we adjust our game according to my feelings.

Katie: But that's no longer Erotic Fantasy.

Beth: *It's the logical outcome of all erotic daydreaming.* If you could only be honest with yourself you'd agree. After all, it's your future, too, if you persist in dreaming about other men.

Wendy: Never! It's one thing to dream naughty things; something else to make 'em into ugly reality.

The tape continues for a while but the Collogue deteriorates into rather bitchy bickering among the girls, with each of them defending her own point of view.

The editor comes to the conclusion that Erotic Fantasy is an integral part of a woman's sexual life but the extent to which it is taken varies as much as their views on ethics.

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WORLD WIDE

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But this just doesn't come—you have to work at it. *And the famous Swiss capsules "Melbrosia* For Men" might well help you get things moving in the right direction. They have for thousandsof men world-wide. They're sold mainly in health stores and cost £1·67½ for a 3-week supply. If you have any difficulty, send £1·70 direct to K. E. Rusby Ltd., Melbrosia Dept., 50 Grays Inn Road, London W.C.1.

MEN... GET WITH MELBROSIA

Gentlemen at Leisure

It is a frightening thought: over half of the adult male population of Britain is overweight. Obesity spells obituary. Rodney Bennett-England expounds

The ladies of Women's Lib may be burning their bras, but don't hold your breath waiting for men to set light to their Y-Fronts.

Mind you, we might have had good cause to burn our briefs a while back. So often the next-of-skin game was a frightful let-down. You could have any colour you liked, as long as it was white, and an amazing choice of long coms or baggy drawers for cold-blooded types. In those Bad Old Days they were called *pants*. I can even remember with a certain amount of affection my army issue.

"Drawers, cellular, green, three pairs," the quarter master parroted to each new intake of raw recruits as they filed through the company stores getting kitted out on their

Opposite page top: If things get a bit hot, the stylish briefs and slips by G-Wear of Jersey will help keep you cool. Dave wears Continental briefs in navy see-through Voilette at 50p and Venessa's Voilette G-string costs 54p.

Opposite page bottom: When Dave tells a girl he'll pick her up at a certain time, he means just that. Venessa gets the Prowse lift-off treatment. Being swept off your feet is one thing but this is ridiculous! He wears the Lyle & Scott Y-Front Vitalizer. An ingenious lightweight brief in elastomeric yarn, it helps keep spare tyres in trim—instant slimming for only £2·50 or £2·75 if you have a really big problem. Venessa wears Hyvon briefs and T-shirt with medieval design in a Banlon/Nylon mixture. Briefs 75p and T-shirt £1·25.

Left: Body building helps to improve vital statistics. Not that there is much wrong with Venessa's, but Dave suggested a session with the bust developer. Also good for gentlemen of course; it helps strengthen the upper part of the chest. Dave's dashing instructor gear is a pair of Y-fronts in pink denim effect cotton/nylon by Lyle & Scott with matching V-neck sweater. Briefs cost 62p and the Brute shirt costs £1·15. Venessa's Harlequin sports slip, also by Lyle & Scott, is 53p.

Below: Find a damsel in distress in a men's changing room and you can always give her your T-shirt as a mini dress. Dave's attractive three colour panel briefs are by Hyvon in 100 per cent cotton and cost 65p. The matching T-shirt, worn by Venessa, is £1·20.

Bicycles for two—or rather exercycles for keeping fit. Dave's Finnish Tunturi exercycle costs £63 from Harrods and Venessa's Italian Cyclette is £53. Ideal for trimming hips and thighs as well as helping improve respiration and circulation. Both Dave and Venessa wear Bobby Moore Action Pants for Men—tights to help you score against the cold. In various colours, they include a zip and cost £1·25. Dave's steering wheel T-shirt is by Hyvon in Banlon/Rayon mix. £1·25.

first day.

Then came Y-Fronts on the crest of a new wave of intimate male wear. Oh! the joy of feeling secretly streamlined under an otherwise traditional exterior.

Today's undercover story would probably shock my old Granny. She always used to say "Be careful just in case you have an accident and get taken to hospital. You don't want to shock the nurses."

Well I reckon nurses are unshockable. The Stock Exchange member in his black coat and pinstripe trousers might seem one thing in his professional uniform. It's quite another matter when two novitiate Nightingales discover what's underneath: a see-thru slip with Rule Britannia emblazoned across the back.

The next-of-skin game is your little personal secret. Underwear has become fun. And why not? Colour has broken through with a vengeance, styles are closer-fitting, fabrics are softer and more comfortable and all variety of patterns and designs are used.

Lyle & Scott, who (bless 'em) first gave us Y-Fronts, have kept in the vanguard of the male underwear revolution. Their latest efforts to brighten the 'down-under' scene include coloured woven waistbands on their coloured Y-Front range, new colours and designs in their sports slips, and an exciting range of T-shirts, V-neck shirts and tank tops in matching fabrics and colours.

Hyvon, a Finnish company, were one of the first to give fancy treatment to men's unmentionables, and we feature several of their colourful new styles which are available in this country through many main outlets.

I have written previously about the Bobby Moore Action Pants for men. In reality they are tights with a zip which you can use over your normal cover agents—or even without them—you devil you. It's one way of ensuring your socks don't fall down.

G-Wear of Jersey are specialists in racey styles for pace-setters. Send for their catalogue to 79 Great Union Road, St. Helier, Jersey, and you'll wonder how you've missed out so long. Better not tell Granny, though.

Stripping down to bare essentials might be the beginning of something big if you fancy what you see in the mirror each day. But for a good many of us the reflection is a bitter disappointment.

Most of us eat the wrong foods, drink the wrong drink, lead very sedentary lives and don't get enough exercise. We don't feel good and we certainly don't look good in the raw.

A good tailor can do a certain amount to disguise it, and the enterprising Lyle & Scott have even come up with the Vitalizer, a sort of male girdle, to help hold us in shape; but these are merely concealing the problem—not curing it.

Obesity spells obituary. It is a frightening thought that over half a of the adult male population of Britain is overweight. It is the cause of diabetic conditions and in particular coronary thrombosis. Most fat people, according to insurance companies, are bad life risks. Half of those who are overweight in middle age will live only half as long as contemporaries who are physically fit.

The cure is, of course, hard work: a controlled diet and a fitness programme geared to one's specific needs will soon have most people who persevere with it on the road to good physical health.

The growing number of health clubs in recent years bear witness to the frenzied search for a panacea by an increasing number of men from all walks of life, especially those in sit-down-and-spread office employment.

Dave Prowse, who runs the Exercise Advice Centre at 12 Marshalsea Road, near London Bridge, SE1, is a former British Weightlifting Champion, so just to show how you ought to look if you want to feel in the pink, we chose him to model our undercover story at his lavishly-equipped gymnasium.

Dave stands 6 ft. 7 ins. and carries nineteen stone distributed over a powerful physique. Amateur British Weightlifting Champion in 1962, 1963 and 1964, he retired undefeated to turn professional and since has appeared in scores of commercials and top TV shows as well as a dozen feature film roles, most recently *Clockwork Orange*.

For the past two years he has helped gentlemen with weight problems overcome their troubles at his gymnasium, which boasts some of the most sophisticated and unique figure training equipment in Britain. He also acts as consultant to Harrods in their Keep Trim shop.

The Centre, which also has a Slimtronic Slimming Centre beneath it, is open Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., Tuesdays and Thursdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and Sundays 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. for men, and the annual fee of £40, includes tuition, sauna and showers. The membership year runs for thirteen months to cover holiday periods of members. Dave has two ladies' nights a week, on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. and the annual membership fee is £21—Venessa assured us she intended to enrol without further ado.

Al Murray's City Gymnasium at 22 Carter Lane, London E.C.4 specialises in businessmen. Al, who has been director of British weightlift coaching for twenty-three years, has joined forces with the Medical Research Council to ensure that each member is prescribed individual treatment to suit his particular need and based on his physical capabilities.

"Everything here is done under medical supervision," he tells me. "An overweight man with a heart condition can do tremendous harm working it out on the equipment. Everybody here has a thorough examination by specialist doctors first and then the prescribed remedial course can begin."

Members over thirty-five are asked to take part in the medical research and are sent to the head cardiologist at Charing Cross Hospital for a thorough forty-minute check on their heart condition.

Membership fees, including medical research are £43 a year, but there is a two months initial course at £15 which can be compounded into a year's membership after twenty-eight days.

In addition to over £6,000 of chromium-plated equipment, the club has £4,000 worth of medical aids. It is open Monday to Friday from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m., although the doors shut to newcomers after 6 p.m.

Mr Murray certainly cuts an impressive figure, although well into middle-age—and when time allows often makes personal use of the equipment in his gymnasium. When I called he was effortlessly humping a massive barbell over his head—which looked as if it weighed a couple of tons. No wonder the great Jamaican weight-lifter Louis Martin flourished under his guidance.

Al, apart from advising our Olympics teams on fitness, is also called in to help sportsmen in all recreations to keep in peak condition.

Let it never be said that I am not a Champagne lover. Good bubbly I'll drink any time of any day. Like Louis Roderer Crystal, for instance. It was made for the Czars of Russia, and they knew a good thing when they swallowed it. In fact one of the unique things about Crystal: seeing it is believing it. You *do* see it because it comes in a clear bottle. And therein lies a fascinating story.

Before the final fall of the Russian Court, everybody quite naturally started to get a bit jittery about the proletarian revolt and possible blood bath. Having a taste for the good things in life—like champers—it seemed a natural vehicle for poison. There are worse ways to die, of course, but the Czars weren't particularly interested. The only insurance against possible tampering with the bubbly was to have it put in clear glass bottles. Since the traditional champagne bottle has an inverted cone bottom, it was also decided to put a flat one in the bottles for the Russian Court, because any sediment from poisons or foreign bodies would be more likely to show itself by falling on to a flat bottom.

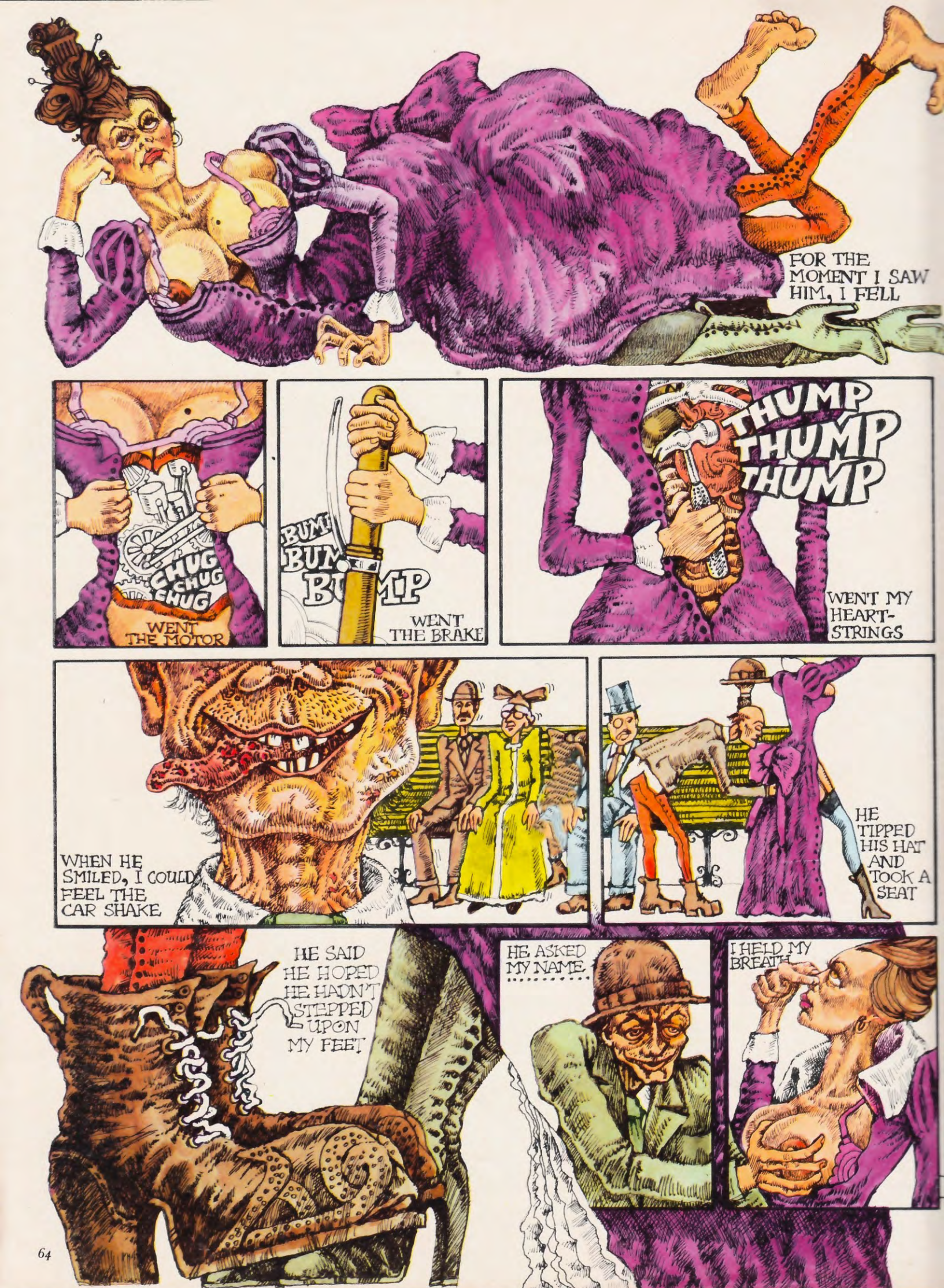
Many champagnes, however, are quite literally poisonous—without any additives. Far too acid for my taste, and since I spend half of my waking hours with a champers glass in one hand and a packet of antacid tablets in the other, take it from me that a writer's endless round of cocktail parties and receptions is not what it's cracked up to be.

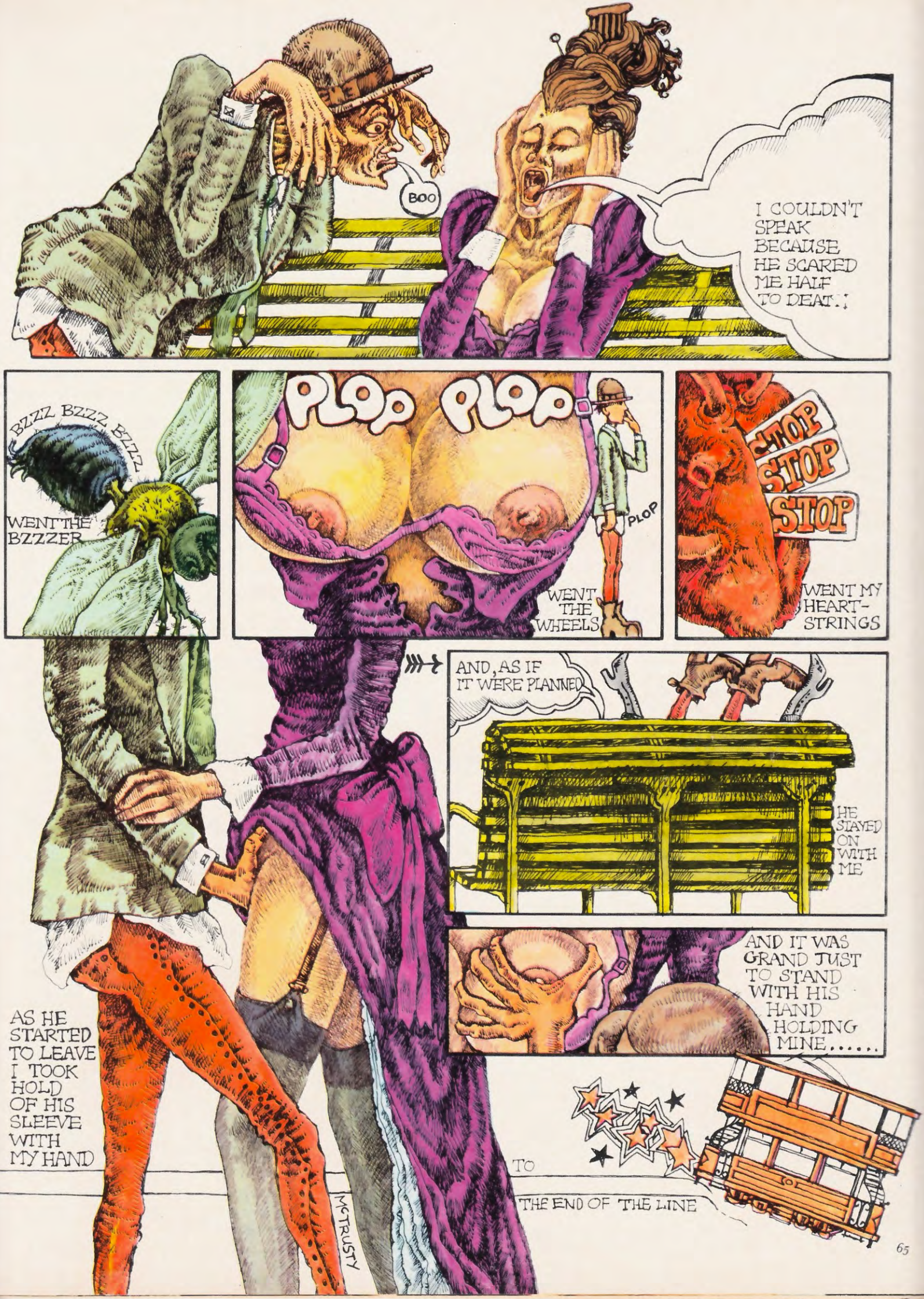
However, two champagne mixers, which are great favourites of mine, are Black Velvet and Champari.

For Black Velvet you need a bottle of modest non-vintage champagne and an equal amount of Guinness. Best to pour the champers first into a jug, let it settle a bit and then add the Guinness gently. It tastes just as good poured in equal measures straight into a tankard.

Champari is a mixture of Campari and Champers. Try your own mixture for taste, but about ¼ Campari to about ¾ champers seems most popular. A really tangy pink bubbly to pick you up!

THE Tram Car SONG
A DISGUSTING DITTY OF LUST AND LECHERY ON PUBLIC TRANSPORT
WITH MY HIGH STARCHED COLLAR AND MY HIGH TOPPED SHOES AND MY HAIR PILED HIGH UPON MY HEAD, I WENT TO SPEND A JOLLY HOUR ON THE TRAMCAR
Harrison's Jellies
LEAVE NO LITTE
AND LOST MY HEART INSTEAD
WITH HIS LIGHT BROWN DERBY AND HIS BRIGHT-GREEN TIE, HE WAS QUITE THE HANDSOMEST OF MEN
I STARTED TO YEN, SO I COUNTED TO
CLANG A CLANG CLANG
WENT THE TRAMCAR
THEN I COUNTED TO TEN AGAIN
DING DING DING
WENT THE BELL
ZING ZING ZING
WENT MY HEART-STRINGS


FOR THE MOMENT I SAW HIM, I FELL
CHUG CHUG CHUG
WENT THE MOTOR
BUM BUM BUMP
WENT THE BRAKE
THUMP THUMP THUMP
WENT MY HEART-STRINGS
WHEN HE SMILED, I COULD FEEL THE CAR SHAKE
HE TIPPED HIS HAT AND TOOK A SEAT
HE SAID HE HOPED HE HADN'T STEPPED UPON MY FEET
HE ASKED MY NAME.....
I HELD MY BREATH


BOO
I COULDN'T SPEAK BECAUSE HE SCARED ME HALF TO DEATH
BZZZ BZZZ BZZZ
WENT THE BZZZER
PLOP PLOP
PLOP
WENT THE WHEELS
STOP
STOP
STOP
WENT MY HEART-STRINGS
AND, AS IF IT WERE PLANNED
HE STAYED ON WITH ME
AND IT WAS GRAND JUST TO STAND WITH HIS HAND HOLDING MINE.....
AS HE STARTED TO LEAVE I TOOK HOLD OF HIS SLEEVE WITH MY HAND
TO
THE END OF THE LINE
McTRUSTY

Virginia

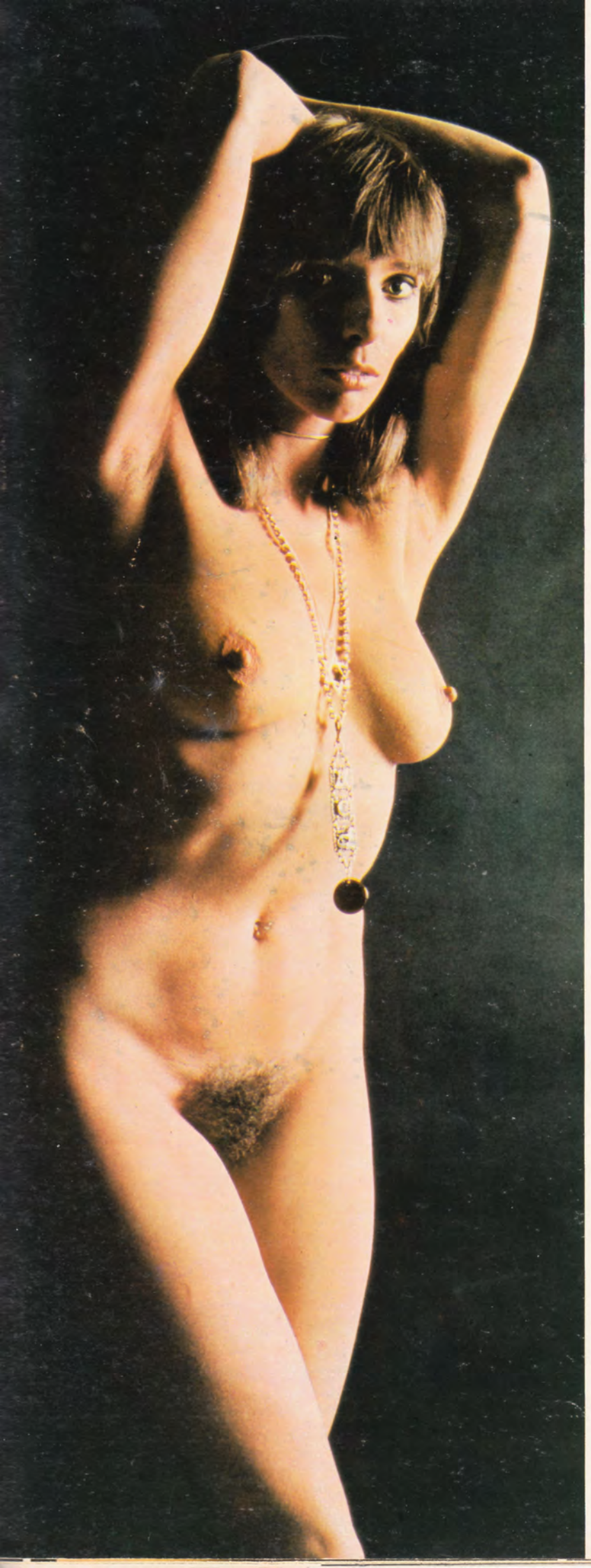
A sane and shapely lady

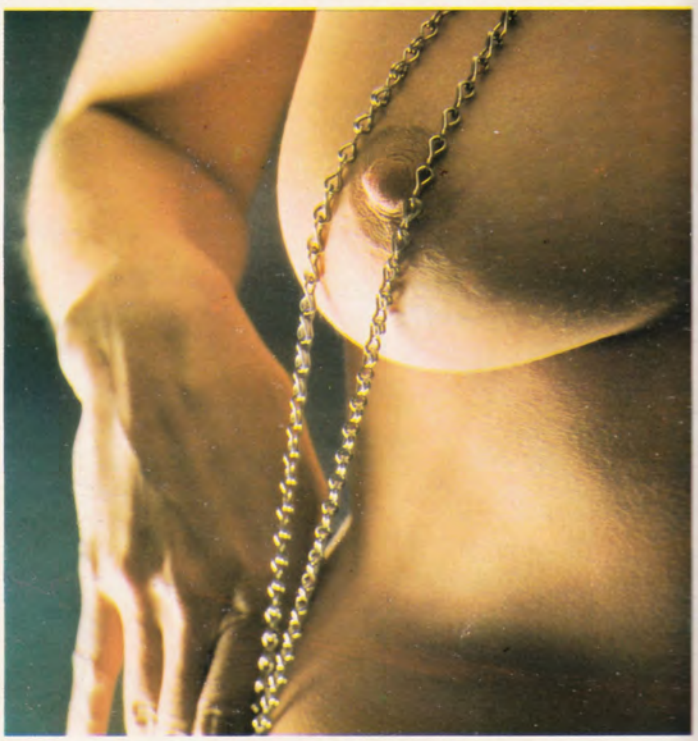
Virginia's surname isn't *Water but she comes from Virginia Water in the heart of green, effulgent Surrey, right smack in the centre of the stockbrokers' belt for that's what Virginia's father is, a stockbroker. They live in a big house and have lots of help running it but Virginia's father looks after the enormous garden himself because gardening is his hobby.*

"Yes, Surrey is *beautiful, especially in the summer with the sunlight flickering through the foliage and even in the winter, the trees and landscape give the whole county quiet, but great dignity. Actually living in the stockbrokers' belt isn't important; living on the fringe of the Green Belt* is. *It's amazing the extent to which towns and especially villages in Surrey have retained their rural flavour. However, I'm afraid to say this idyllic and bucolic state of affairs isn't going to last forever. London is gradually encroaching upon us and even in the winter, especially over weekends, we're inundated with tourists. My parents are very pessimistic about the future of the district. I think it's inevitable. For example what are* we *doing there, I often argue.*

"Unfortunately I don't spend much time at Virginia Water—perhaps two weekends a month if I'm lucky. I have a small garden-flat halfway between Kensington and Chelsea and I run a mini which I'm getting rid of because I honestly don't use it enough—about twice a month when I drive down to Virginia Water. I must confess I love living in London and having my own flat. I do a lot of my shopping in Burlington Arcade—it's so dated I love it. For food, it's Selfridges every time. I also pay an occasional visit to Harrods to Way In and I have my hair done—by Martin Alexander of Westbourne Grove. Then I take tea at the Ritz.

"However before I say another word, I have a few things about Men Only *to get off my chest. I think it's admirable* Men Only *girls are so* frightfully *intelligent and well-educated. Of course I'm intelligent, too, but I want to be thought of as a woman,* *| continued on page 68*





continued from page 66 / *not as a computer. So you can forget all that Women's Lib*/A La Recherche du Temps Perdu *rubbish and present the real flesh-and-blood* me.

"*That Harriet girl of yours with her Honours Degree in Law really got up my nostrils. 'If you can read, you can do anything.' Well, I* can't *read but I know what to do when I'm in close proximity with a man I'm attracted to. All that reading hasn't got her very far, has it? When a man takes her out, she lets him 'stand up in the Tube' so she can sit down. The* Tube! *Well I never! When a man takes* me *out, he escorts me home in a chauffeur-driven car and I can assure you I most certainly do not rebuff him on the doorstep—I at least invite the gentleman in for a drink.*

"*So you see, I'm a complicated mixture of paradoxical ingredients. I don't know anyone who has a more symbiotic personality than I have. ('Symbiotic.' How's that for a big word, Smart Ass?) I'm mature, yet passionate, reasonable, yet emotional, fair, yet competitive where men are concerned but, what's even*

stranger, terribly jealous when another woman dares to invade my territory.

"And I do. Often. But, please, don't tell anybody. Englishmen like their women dumb and picturesque.

"Of course there's nothing unique about me. Women are far more complex than men give them credit for being. To the average man, a woman is either the old lady who sits at home all day and does the washing-up or she's only there for his physical gratification. You ought to read Simone de Beauvoir's The Second Sex. *She understands women all right. And you've guessed my secret: I* can *read after all.*

"I'm not a model. I work as an assistant in the Public Relations department of a small children's charity. The only reason I'm posing for Men Only *is because the photographer is a friend of mine and asked me to do it. No, I'm not going to draw my father's attention to it. He reads* Men Only *and I think it's a lovely practical joke to play on him. He may be a stockbroker but he certainly has a good sense of humour."*

$
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HUCKLEBERRY HOUND
M.T.
PRACTICAL MECHANICS
OBSCENITIES LAWS & REFORM
RED CARPET
DEATH PENALTY

A Mild Blow in the Teapot

by Charles DePlume

An (almost) verbatim report of the trial of Richard Deville, author, publisher, reformer, anarchist, and revolutionary.

"Bring in the accused," shouts the Clerk of the Court. Two officials drag Richard Deville to the centre piece of attraction for those assembled on Mount Olympus to witness the historic trial.

"Scruffy bugger," murmurs Sir Joshua Fartingsworth. "We shouldn't have much difficulty convicting *him*."

Mount Olympus, grand setting of so many important trials, is momentarily shaken by a minor earthquake, a peal of thunder, and a blinding flash of lightning. As the clouds part, a huge faintly glowing form, chimeral, Blakesque, takes his seat in the Judge's chair.

"Punctual, as always," mutters the Clerk of the Court with quiet satisfaction. Then, raising his voice, he shouts:

"The prisoner, Richard Deville, stands accused that on the fourteenth day of October in a certain year of Our Lord, he made available to the General Public a periodical, to wit, the 22nd issue of *Teapot*, and that the afore-mentioned issue of *Teapot* was conceived and caused to be published by the said Richard Deville, and that parts or parts of it were obscene, and thereby constituted a wilful, malicious and deliberate attempt to corrupt the Public Morals. Prisoner at the bar, how do you plead?"

Deville (weary, pale but defiant): "Not guilty."

The Judge (in a quadraphonic, all-pervasive voice): "The Prisoner may be seated. Sir Joshua Fartingsworth stands for the Prosecution, I believe. Sir Joshua, would you care to begin your case?"

The inquisitor, Sir Joshua, rises from his bench and begins: "My Lord, gentlemen of the jury. In the natural course of events it has been my duty to the Crown to deliver, on countless occasions, all manner of wrong-doers into the impartial hands of Justice. It has even befallen me, my Lord, and gentlemen of the jury, to have prosecuted more than one man who was taken from this place, thence to a place of execution, and hanged by the neck until he be dead. Should you find him guilty, as no doubt you will, I shall take great *delight* in seeing him hanged. For the accused, Richard Deville, has trafficked in Obscenity.

"With contemptible singleness of purpose, to destroy the purity of the people of England, to blight the character of the inheritors of tomorrow. *There can be no greater crime!* Gentlemen of the jury, upon this mountain we are not inhibited by Time, the Past. I have therefore gathered my witnesses from the centuries so that I may throw the brightest light of condemnation upon the beast in the dock. May it please your Lordship, I propose to call my first witness."

With the Judge's "permission to proceed", Sir Joshua calls Leonardo da Vinci.

Sir Joshua: "You *are* Leonardo da Vinci, philosopher, painter, scientist, writer, biologist and universal genius?"

Leonardo:—"And musician. I compose music as well."

Sir Joshua: "No doubt, Sir. Pray, are you familiar with the charge against the accused?" The genius nods and Sir Joshua continues: "And you are familiar with the publication in question?"

Leonardo: "Yes—a very unreasonable publication.

"It is Reason that sets Man above the beasts. Therefore, anything that flies in the face of Reason reduces Man to the pedrage of the animals and limits his access to happiness. The magazine *Teapot* is not a *reasonable* piece of journalism. Furthermore, no one can call a drawing, showing a badger performing fellatio on an aardvark, a reasonable presentation nor a form of aesthetic enjoyment. The magazine also contains a treatise which implies that it is through drugs that Man may attain and express his best; now, at first, I must admit that this sounded nonsensical but, as a scientist, I'd like to . . ."

Finally Sir Joshua's "*Thank you;* that will be all" drowns the voice of the genius. The Judge asks Sir James Jolly, Attorney for the Defence, if he wishes to question the witness.

Sir James bounces jauntily to his feet and bids Leonardo to complete his sentence.

Leonardo (aghast): "I said that *I* would like to experiment, but the idea of the common man . . ."

Sir James: "In other words, you would condemn a magazine, freely available to the *common man*, to advocate the use of drugs?"

Leonardo (looking like a man asked a stupid question by a congenital idiot): "Most emphatically!"

Sir James (with a significant look at the jury): "Thank you. Now, if I may, I'd like to draw upon your unequalled talents in the field of Art to call your attention to the various drawings appearing in *Teapot*."

Leonardo: "Art should represent or express Life and Beauty."

Sir James (quick as a flash): "Meaning you found no such Beauty in *Teapot?*"

Leonardo: "On the contrary; I

found extreme Ugliness. On page 14, a person, presumably female, judging by two enormous pendulous breasts that hang like obscene fruits from a pock-marked torso covered in sores or some form of unknown skin disease, is portrayed with the word '*Eve*' printed underneath. If meant as a medical instruction drawing, I fail to see what it is doing in a magazine intended to entertain and, if it is not a medical drawing, I consider it repulsive in the extreme and not in the least bit entertaining—especially as the poor girl's pudenda seems to have been laid open by a butcher wielding a blunt knife."

Sir James: "What would you say if I told you that this drawing is intended to interest the male readers of *Teapot* in copulation?"

Leonardo (surprised): "I'd say the publishers were clearly insane; only the mad and demented would want to copulate with something that ugly. As a matter of fact; the whole idea of copulation with a woman . . ."

Sir James employs great tact as he dismisses the distinguished witness and calls Deân Jonathan Swift.

Dean Swift enters the box briskly. He confirms that he is indeed Jonathan Swift, teacher, theologian and writer of satire.

Swift: "I thought that I detected the embryonic beginnings of the crude rudiments of some infantile attempts at primitive satire."

Sir James: "The accused, Richard Deville, has, on various occasions, laid claims to Satire in his publication."

Swift: "The true function of satire is to instruct by means of exaggeration. But, given a certain framework of exaggeration, everything therein must be proportionate: if you are going to write a book with characters three inches tall, then everything they touch, eat, inhabit or build must be correspondingly small. Without precision, satire crumbles and has no meaning; it does not instruct and is not humorous. I have found neither precision nor proportion in *Teapot*. So what is intended as satire in the magazine is merely pap, the silly posturing of a pedestrian intellect."

Sir James: "Could you please elaborate?"

Swift: "With pleasure or, rather, with distaste. On page 76 there is an illustrated essay on the art of farting, among others advocating the sale of a flute-like instrument which, when inserted into the human anus, will produce melodious sounds whenever wind is brought forth, thus enabling people to give vent to crude nature without offending others. The article further advises others, presumably not wishing to become walking rear-flutists, to cover their behinds with a specially scent-drenched fabric which would transform all disagreeable odours into delicious perfumes. I find the article offensive in the extreme without an iota of wit, let alone intellect, that most essential of all ingredients for true satire."

Sir James: "Pray, Dean Swift; you do not consider the idea of a roomful of people, of both sexes, all of them equipped with such scented instruments, emitting perfumed melodies at, say, a long banquet, humorous in the extreme?"

Dean Swift: "Since all banquets are served with rich food and last for many hours, the breaking of wind is, alas, a regrettable malady. It is always bad form to poke fun at a malady. One doesn't mock the disabled or diseased; they cannot help their afflictions. Neither can Man remedy the shortcomings of his poor body. That is not satire."

DR. JOHNSON:
'The female is incapable of finding pleasure in copulation . . . the thought is a slap in the face of every Christian Lady.'

Sir James tells the Dean he has no more questions and the Prosecution calls Dr. Samuel Johnson.

The Great cham, obese, scruffy, unkempt and wily-eyed, shuffles into the box and looks at Sir Joshua who asks him to establish his identity.

Johnson: "Why, if it be not me, Sir, it is a most astounding replica. Do you assume? Barristers assume more often than dogs scratch themselves. However, I am he."

Sir Joshua (controlling himself): "Why do you believe the Prosecution to be in the right?"

Johnson: "Because the 22nd issue of *Teapot* is an obscenity, Sir, by reason of certain of its contents and by reason of its being badly thought out."

Sir Joshua: "Did you find any part of it enlightening?"

Johnson: "Indeed I did, Sir; people must be more stupid and vulgar than I had previously thought them to be."

Sir Joshua: "Did you find any part of it amusing?"

Johnson: "I did not. Obscenity is only humorous to those to whom laughter is base coinage, not gold."

Sir Joshua: "And you do think it would tend towards the corruption of Public Morals?"

Johnson: "Why, Sir, it is impossible to corrupt that which is corrupted utterly."

Sir Joshua: "But, surely, the *young* are not 'corrupted utterly'?"

Johnson: "No, Sir, but neither do they remain young for very long. Not as long as there are 'Devils' galore."

Sir Joshua: "Would you care to elaborate?"

Johnson: "On page 29 of the pamphlet, there is a wicked account of a young lady who is raped four times by a complete stranger. Now, from the point of view of a purely informative piece of reporting, it suffers from verbosity—a mere fifty word statement of fact would have sufficed to inform the readers that a rapist was loose in their midst. As it stands, it almost looks as if the reporter delights in having a rapist roaming the fair city of London. However, it is not the verbal diarrhoea, nor the unpleasant details of the rape that enrages me; it is the vile aspersion that the poor victim actually *enjoyed* being raped. It is a medical fact, held by all responsible physicians, that the female is incapable of finding pleasure in copulation; to hint that she does is a slap in the face of every Christian Lady; to assert that she is capable of finding pleasure in being raped is sinking to a depth of depravity that defies description. It is a blatant attempt to mislead young girls into thinking that they *might* enjoy coitus. In my opinion hanging is too good for the accused."

The Attorney for the Defence, here Sir James Jolly, jumps up to protest against a witness suggesting the form of punishment, *before* the verdict. The Judge (shrugging lightly) orders the last line of Sir Samuel Johnson to be taken from the records. Sir Joshua, clearly pleased with himself, says that he has no further questions.

Before Sir James can question the witness, Sir Joshua hastily calls for his next witness—Oscar Wilde.

Oscar Wilde, corpulent and somewhat more than dandified, minces towards the witness box and enters it with all of the dignity and deliveration of a pachyderm dancing the minuet.

Sir Joshua: "Mr. Wilde; you are a writer of genius, are you not?"

Wilde: "As I once said: I use my talent for writing and reserve my genius for living."

Sir Joshua (somewhat sharply): "Sir; we are not here to listen to you quoting yourself."

Wilde: "Surely, it's better than listening to others quote them, which is usually the case?"

Sir Joshua coldly reminds Oscar Wilde of the fact that time is precious.

Wilde: "That is so, but, in fact, it is precious for precious few."

Sir Joshua holds his breath, counts to ten, fixes the witness with a steely glare and asks him why he agreed to appear for the Prosecution.

Wilde: "Certainly *not* because obscenity has been alleged. That word is vague to the point of meaningless and should be stricken from Dr. Johnson's dictionary. *Not* because an attempt has been made to corrupt the Public Morals, because Public Morality is like water and will seek its own level regardless of human attempts to regulate it. *Not* because I hold Mr. Richard Deville in black opprobium." Here he appraises the accused with a single glance before continuing: "He looks a trifle uncouth but shows signs of having interesting possibilities. *Teapot* is not witty. Though it is not witty, yet there is no crime in that. Smithies are not witty when they shoe a horse, sailors are not witty when they tauten a sheet, farmers are not witty when they till a field; all of that is fair enough and no crime is involved, *but . . . Teapot pretends to wit;* it essays at it; it stabs at it with a blunted t'penny lance; it shuffles and stumbles at wit like a drunk. It has even gone so far as to state flatly, on page 3, that, among other things, it is a witty publication. Ye Gods, Sir! It is *not* a witty publication. On page 32 it shows a crude drawing of a man and a woman in a bedroom. The female, naked, lies on the bed while the man, clearly a very young, inexperienced stripling, similarly undressed, stands looking at her with his manhood painfully swollen to pole-like dimensions, its glans an enormous bulbous growth. The boy's expression is one of bewilderment, ignorance of how to proceed. A balloon, coming from the girl's mouth, informs him to use his head. Great God! If that is wit I have wasted my life."

When it is clear that Oscar Wilde has finished, Sir Joshua thanks him and says that he has no further questions.

Sir Joshua now calls upon John D. Rockefeller.

Rockefeller: "Mr. Deville brought out a product and offered it for sale to the public. I don't know the circulation figures and I haven't seen the books but my accountants have and they tell me the magazine did not make money."

Sir Joshua (lost): "But Mr. Rockefeller . . . what has that got to do with the charge?"

Rockefeller: "Everything, Sir! If the operation didn't make money then, (a) the cost of production was too high; (b) the product was over priced; or, (c) the product was inferior and could not be sold. My accountants assure me that points (a) and (b) didn't apply; therefore his product must be inferior."

There's confusion and bedlam in certain parts of the Court and the Judge sends a few well-aimed thunderbolts in various directions to restore law and order. Sir Joshua quickly dismisses Mr. Rockefeller and calls for Mrs. Bloomer. This formidable lady needs no prompting and roundly condemns Mr. Deville, and *Teapot*, for omitting to dress hundreds of poor girls in the warm, decent and comfortable pieces of underwear that bear her name.

Mrs. Bloomer:/*continued on page 89*

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A Good Time Coming

Sexual expectations for this month—prophesied by 'Gypsum' Martina Boulangerie

Capricorn
(*December 21 to January 19*)
You'll be hoofing it up at the beginning of the month and, likely as not, your beard is going to get a little wet. But strictly between her legs she'd got you a little tongue-tied! Remember: a tongue in the cheek is worth two in her bush!

Aquarius
(*January 20 to February 18*)
You'll be carrying so much water that you're going to have to practise the ancient

art of coitus interruptus—to pee it all out of your system!

On the 20th you will start to feel really anti-quarian. The best remedy is a month at a health farm, you'll feel like a pig in a poke, but you *won't* get a poke!

Pisces
(*February 19 to March 20*)
People are going to take the Pisces out of you something rotten this month. Keep your tail firmly between your legs, and don't flip a gill until you see the white of her thighs. Don't dive straight to the bottom. On the 13th you'll be doing a little breast-stroking, after that you may find yourself going into a crawl. You'll certainly end up having a sperm whale of a time!

Aries
(*March 21 to April 20*)
Someone you are on intimate terms with will appear in a new light. When you get down to her bare essentials you'll reflect on your wisdom in choosing a strip-light. Go easy

on the ramming bint or you'll end up with a sore rammer. That famous petroleum jelly, Vaseline, should be used the moment you see your best friend going into the red; however it should not be used near a naked flame, no matter how long you've known her!

Taurus
(*April 21 to May 20*)
As you're born under the sign of the Bull it will be wise to steer (steer/bull, get it?) clear of china shops. Try knocking shops instead! You might try worshipping the golden calf on, or around the 15th. But take that bloody ring out of your nose before you start: torn labials are *not* a girl's best friend!

Gemini
(*May 21 to June 20*)
Twins are certainly in this month, so you'll require an extra burst of stamina, or two

tools. If you are contemplating tying up any matrimonial bonds, wait until after the middle of the month. It could be another false alarm that started her worrying; and all too often, after a 'shot-gun' wedding, it's discovered that the gun wasn't loaded at all!

Cancer
(*June 21 to July 21*)
I see, after consulting my astrological nude calendar (sent under plain wrapper after crossing my arse with

Silvy—now she really *is* a goer!) that Cancerians have a good time coming to them this month. The beginning may be a bit touch and go, but towards the end you'll find yourself well and truly lubricated.

Leo
(*July 22 to August 21*)
You sure are the cat's whisker. If you can keep your paws clean until after the 8th you'll be all set and roaring to go. Murmur into her ear "Remove all your clothes, and say after me, "Help yourself!" If you're

wondering exactly what to do next, wait until the 18th and she'll probably have clued you *in*, you old innocent!

Virgo
(*August 22 to September 21*)
I prophesy that, this month, your *vir* is going to be constantly on the go. You should

stop playing the 'little boy lost' routine and start behaving like the randy bastard you really are. Girls these days know that it's not *really* for stirring tea—but whatever turns you on!

Libra
(*September 22 to October 22*)
As a fully paid up member of the Astrologers' Union I would be failing in my duty if I didn't warn you that, this month, the best place for you is bed. Stay there. Don't move an inch! Seven, eight, or nine inches is O.K. but one inch, only *one*, will cause you undue embarrassment!

Scorpio
(*October 23 to November 22*)
On Friday the 5th, make sure that her husband has *definitely* gone to that week-end *Time and Motion* seminar: wardrobes are no place to hang out—for God's sake, *on no account hang out!* If you do have to

make a hasty ejaculation out of her bedroom window make sure that your rear is adequately covered. Indecent exposure, on drain pipes, is still a criminal offence!

Sagittarius
(*November 23 to December 20*)
Some good news—some bad—for you this month. The girl you were about to ditch will turn up claiming that you are about to become a daddy;

that girl you fancy at the office will turn out to be a raving lesbian. Now the bad news: you're not going to get a sex-change operation on the National Health!

Illustrations by Richard Adams

FIONA in Newcastle

He simply asked me to dance and, from there on, attached himself to me with all the ease and grace of a man who's picked up hundreds of girls and knows exactly what will please them most . . .

Though Newcastle owes its origin to a Roman station, very few traces of the settlement are left. The castle, from which the town takes its name, was erected by Henry II between 1172 and 1177 on the site of an older structure. It was the greatest fortress in the North of England and its keep is now one of the finest specimens of a Norman stronghold remaining in the country. Part of the castle is now being used as an antiquarian museum.

Among the educational establishments are the College of Medicine and the Armstrong University, both constituent colleges of the University of Durham.

The banks of the river (Tyne) are lined with manufacturing towns and suburbs to which Newcastle owes its prosperity. . .

End of lesson. That's your lot as far as text book information is concerned.

For my own impressions: the town is a curious mixture of drab old parts and imaginative new sections. The well-to-do tend to live in the suburbs that stretch further and further away from the city centre. James (more later about our man James) lived in Hexam, a lovely little place where I wouldn't mind spending more than just a few hasty nights.

Newcastle has great night life.

The best club is owned by Mecca and is called Tiffanys. In the old days it used to be a ballroom-type place by the curious name of Oxford Galleries. At present Tiffanys employs two great live groups, has a beautiful decor and two gigantic bird cages, palm trees and super lighting.

Enough of the scenery; bring on the dancing girls (or, in my case, the randy brigade).

I had no trouble spotting potential victims; come to think of it, I seldom have. Newcastle has a reassuring number of superb, virile guys that should keep any woman happy for years. Maybe engineering produces

the type I like best: young in years and heart, tough, bold, adventurous and enterprising. After all, men training to become expert engineers, eager to build gigantic bridges or drill deep tunnels, should also prove enthusiastic experts in exploring softer, warmer passages . . . Whatever the case, there wasn't a place I visited where I wasn't acutely aware of bright young eyes busy sizing up my project and laying fast, appropriate plans to commence drilling operations.

Maybe the town had too many of the Empire Builder's type of men for me to choose from—fact is, I finally chose one who, if not the exact opposite, certainly didn't look as if

he'd been constructed of solid steel. (So I'm perverse!)

Compared to my usual choice, which tends naturally towards the rugged type of male, James can only be described as 'artistically slender'. On the whole I'm more inclined to look at broad, well-knit shoulders and strong, capable hands than at beautiful expressions and grace of manner—but with James, I made an exception.

What struck me first were his beautiful eyes. From the moment James threw those velvet grappling irons in my direction I was hooked—and all he had to do was start hauling me in.

He simply asked me to dance and, from there on, attached himself to me with all the ease and grace of a man who's picked up hundreds of girls and knows exactly what will please them most.

He showed me Newcastle. Later, took me outside the town and through suburbia. We finished up in his flat in Hexham, a short drive from Newcastle. James proved to have the same impeccable taste in furniture as in clothes. He must be making a packet at his engineering as I estimated he had spent a small fortune on some of the most exquisite trappings I've ever come across. His electronic gadgets, including a great stereo set-up, had me green with envy.

It didn't take us long to reach the intimate stage, the one where both conversation and actions are direct and personal. He had a decent knowledge of lip service and kissed with due regard for my comfort and pleasure. In other words, he did not try to tickle my tonsils with his tongue or wrench off my tits but treated both my mouth and mammaries with all the respect these parts warrant.

I liked the way he used his fingers, gently opening my mouth with thumb and forefinger so that his tongue could caress my gums. He did everything with such ease and experience that the subsequent development came all the more as a distinct shock.

I merely had a feeling that something was wrong but couldn't put my finger on it—until I *did* (put my finger on it: literally!)

James had started to explore my thighs and groin and it was here that I received the first hint that all was not as it should be. True, an ankle-length evening gown isn't the ideal garment for 'reaching the goodies' easily but, when the gown has a slit, a yard long, up one thigh—as mine has—and when a girl is cooperative—as I was—it shouldn't prove too difficult.

The minute his hand reached my crotch and felt the coarse curls of my bush it seemed to forget what it was there for. I had expected him to treat my little channel with the same efficiency and originality as he used on my mouth but, instead, his fingers kept scratching the hairs rather ineffectively without ever getting down to brass tacks (read: caress those nether lips which were pretty eager—and moist—by now). To me, the delight which that tiny part of my flesh is capable of providing is more than a foretaste; it's perfection in itself. It's said that women prefer to have their fancy tickled to having it poked and, though I consider that's going too far, I must admit I've experienced some of the most satisfying orgasms that way. There is something wonderfully mind-blowing in lying comfortably back, completely relaxed, limbs parted, while a gentleman is bending his entire intellect (not forgetting fingers, lips and tongue) to the task of bringing pleasure to one's inner space.

There isn't a girl who won't agree with me that the greatest pleasure in good loving is the manipulation of her vagina. That small section of her body can become the seat of such immense pleasure that it is often compared to the delights awaiting us in heaven (for those of us who make it, that is). Pessimists reflect that girls who taste heaven on earth will never taste it elsewhere.

But it was soon clear that James would not qualify for an Oscar as a *Prime Pussy Pleaser*.

With the vague intention of raising his temperature (and, I hoped, his cunning) I brought my own hand to his zip and it was here that I received my biggest shock.

I know full well that men can't go about with their members constantly swollen to rock-hard condition; that, as a rule, that fleshy protuberance resembles more the wrinkled prune than the straight cucumber, but I also know that the former condition seldom prevails after I've been kissing the man for some ten minutes. Add to that the fact that I was at his disposal, nicely relaxed and eager, legs comfortably apart, and you get an idea of how baffled I was at finding his Life Stalk only mildly disturbed.

I've never been known to be much of a prude (or unduly shy) so I came straight out with my question: why had he taken me home if I didn't appeal to him?

At this he began to tremble and stutter.

"I know you're Fiona Richmond . . ." he said. (I had given my name as Hazel; my family's considered me a nut for years!) ". . . I desperately need your help. Please, don't be angry. I believe I have strong homosexual tendencies . . ."

My first reaction was one of anger (God knows why; there's nothing wrong with being homo) but he looked so miserable I forgot to be offended. Why should I be offended anyway? The guy had not created himself. What intrigued me was why he had taken me home.

As he began to explain, in nervous, short sentences, hardly daring to look at me, my own feelings made a complete turnabout and all my flippancy disappeared. It's one thing to poke fun at a guy because he's not like others, it's something else to continue laughing once you discover how desperately unhappy he is. I had started the evening in a devil-may-care, amused mood of 'let's-see-what-you-can-do-my-good-man' but this vanished abruptly.

Once he had started to speak he couldn't stop. Everything came gushing out, all his fears and nightmares, like a little boy who's telling his mother he's in pain and can't understand why.

James was not a true-blue homosexual (if that's the expression). He said he was more a-sexual with strong tendencies towards homosexuality. At first he had not understood his own nature and, when the truth began to dawn, he had fought it as hard as he could, making a point of chasing girls in the hope of hiding his true nature from his friends and also in the hope of awakening a genuine

interest in girls. He had only been partly successful. He had prevented himself from turning completely poof but had failed to make it entirely with girls. Now, at the age of 29, he had a reputation of being a Don Juan who 'loved-'em-and-left-'em quickly' but no one knew that he had never had intercourse with a woman.

"It isn't that I hate girls; in fact, I'm quite happy in their company and I enjoy kissing them but, when the time comes to prove myself a man, I find I can't. I'm like *this*." With that he pointed at his groin. "And the more I fight it, the more I concentrate, the worse it gets until, in the end, I want to run. I generally do run . . ."

He told me he had often been on the verge of confiding in a girl and begging her to help him but had always found his courage wanting at the last moment.

"Except now," I pointed out.

He said my articles were responsible for that. It seemed my sex exploits had turned him on and so had my photos in the nude. Apparently, my sympathetic understanding of a man's needs and desires appealed to him.

"I felt certain you wouldn't feel insulted if I told you the truth. You have so many guys falling for you it wouldn't matter if one had difficulty getting a stand-on."

He said the whole idea had been born the minute he had recognised me in the club. Meeting me like that had seemed an omen.

All this while he had been talking rapidly, presumably to prevent me (or himself) from running away, holding my hands and searching my eyes. I didn't quite know what he expected of me and said so.

He gulped several times and then blurted out:

"*Make* me sleep with you, *please*. . . . Tell me what to do to become a man . . ."

Maybe it was the memory of his kisses but, all of a sudden, I was convinced that his troubles were of a nervous order; I refused to believe he was wholly homosexual. I had heard of these cases before. Not that I told him this. In the first place I wasn't qualified to voice that kind of opinion and, in the second place, I might make things worse should I prove wrong. Still, I had to help him as best as I could.

I began by asking him if he liked me. He stammered a 'yes', saying he wouldn't have kissed me otherwise.

"Okay, let's take it in easy stages," I told him. "Let's both strip."

When he hesitated I guessed it was on account of his small penis and told him it didn't matter.

"We'll pretend we've just had sex. All men shrink to the size of a peanut after sex . . ."

It took some doing but, in the end, he allowed me to disrobe him completely. The minute he stood naked he tried to hide what he considered his shame. I pretended not to notice but began to praise his body, which wasn't hard as he was well-proportioned and beautifully built in a slender, graceful way.

While praising his body I kissed

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the parts in question, gently licking and biting my way along his muscles which trembled very slightly under my administrations. He had closed his eyes and begun to caress my body in turn, forever seeking the insides of my thighs and wandering towards the warm nest of my vagina without ever finding the courage to actually touch it. It was just as if that spot both terrified and attracted him. He was trembling.

"Don't force yourself, darling; I don't give a damn whether you make me or not. I just want you to feel at ease."

We kissed a great deal and, at one point, I asked him if he masturbated a lot. When his trembling started again I knew I had touched upon a raw nerve and asked him what he thought of while masturbating.

"I think of girls," he said quickly. (Too quickly.)

"Never boys?" I asked and, when he hesitated, added: "The truth, please. There's no need to put up a front with me, remember . . .?"

I could feel the difficulty he was experiencing when he confessed there had been times when he had thought of a youth. I asked him when that had been and he said: "At sixteen."

He told me all about that boy who had been the younger brother of a friend of his. He said the boy had featured constantly in his nightly wish-dreams which often resulted in masturbation with him conjuring up visions of the boy. He also told me his father had taught him that masturbation was a sin. Saying that, poor James was sweating with fear.

"I *try* to think of girls . . . honestly; I try to think of their 'you-know-whats' but I can't . . . I can't . . ."

Suddenly I took a decision. If ever I had to turn psychiatrist it was now.

"I don't think you're a poof at all," I told him. "I feel certain that your part impotence is solely due to guilt. You feel guilt at masturbating and guilty at having liked a young boy when you were young and that is causing a mental block."

I boldly went on to tell him that masturbation, far from being a sin, was a completely natural action which belonged to all animals including Man. I also told him that it was in the nature of young animals to like their own sex to begin with. "Young boys like boys and girls like girls. You'd have been a freak had you not liked that younger brother of your friend."

I'm sure he had heard all that before but I was banking on the proximity of my own body and the effect of my kisses. While talking I kissed his body lower and lower, never heeding his trembling which got worse as my mouth neared his penis.

"It's no good," I told him, "I'm going to kiss every inch of you and that includes your penis, whether it's big or small."

When I started kissing it he blurted out:

"It won't work . . . it won't work . . . I can't . . ."

I could feel the sheer animal fear that possessed him and, for a short while, it threatened to engulf me too but then I reasserted myself. Instead of speaking gently I suddenly said loudly:

"Don't be a little boy and don't *think* like a little boy! You're a man, a *big* man and a big man doesn't try to 'make' a girl, he bloody well *fucks* her! Stop treating girls as if they're dolls wrapped up in tinsel and cotton wool. Screw 'em and screw 'em hard. And remember, a girl doesn't have a 'you-know-what'; she has a vagina and she hates hearing it described as a 'you-know-what'. As a matter of fact, there are times when she doesn't mind you calling it a *cunt* as long as you treat it as a cunt."

"Very nice George, but where did you get it?"

Saying all those horrible things I had gripped him hard in the loins and set my teeth in his flesh. I could feel his whole body shudder and, then, the miracle happened. I still don't know if it was my teeth or my language but, all of a sudden, life literally *jumped* into James. I could feel the surge of blood in his blood vessels as his penis grew in short, sharp jerks, widening my jaws. He himself changed as well. No longer was he diffident, hesitant; no longer did he speak like a well-brought up, polite gentleman. He had gripped me by the shoulders and was biting my breasts so hard I nearly screamed. His words came hard and raw, like his breath and his lips were drawn back in a snarl.

"Yes," he hissed, his mouth hurting me, "I bloody well *do* want to have you; I've wanted to have you from the moment I clapped eyes on you . . ."

The next few minutes were bedlam as we fought and grappled with each other. He was buried deep inside me and was heaving away with all his might without realising he was actually doing what he had thought he could never do. When realisation came his face froze in ecstasy.

"Oh, Fiona . . . darling! I'm loving you. . . . I'm loving you. . . ."

After that he did not last long but there was nothing homosexual or half-hearted in the way he drove his seed deep into me. He would not leave me and got angry when he felt his penis grow smaller. I had to assure him that that was completely normal before he relaxed and sank back upon my breasts. Twenty minutes later he proved me right.

I still don't know if I used the right method. There are times I doubt if he was ever homosexual but then I remember his shrunken, tiny tool after we'd been kissing for half an hour with me naked upon him and I know no man could have faked that much.

Thinking it over I can only come to the conclusion that the real breakthrough was twofold: it started when I told him it was normal for a boy of sixteen to feel physically attracted to another boy and masturbating on account of it, and, secondly, when I said girls liked strong language when under the influence of lust.

The latter must have made a deep impression upon him because he kept returning to the subject.

Later, after we had had a bath and he lay kissing my body the way I had kissed his previously, he kept asking me if it was true. I assured him it was.

"A girl likes to be told 'you love her' when you're merely talking to her or playing with her but, once the gloves are off, once you're both naked and in bed, she hates insipid language. Lust has her in its grip just as much as it has you and she longs just as much for forceful language as she yearns for violent action. Words like 'love', 'adore' and 'dear' don't belong to sex; they become 'fuck', 'want' and 'whore'."

At one point he admitted he had first felt attracted to me when, in a previous article, I had freely admitted to liking fellation and describing it in some detail.

"Up till then I had always thought fellation was merely a sinful fantasy conjured up by porno writers to titillate their readers and I thought that, if it was ever committed at all, it was only done by prostitutes and only because they were paid to do so. I'd never suspected that girls would actually *like* it, let alone *want* to do it."

When I asked him why he had thought so he admitted that his father had told him fellation was the "sin of the devil". Apparently the old man had caught him reading about the subject in a sex instruction book and walloped the daylights out of him. His father had positively spouted brimstone and hellfire and, ever since, the very thought of the 'sin' had brought on acute impotence and a hasty retreat into a self-imposed limbo of near homosexuality.

Not surprising James had considered himself 'queer'. It wouldn't surprise me if that kind of upbringing couldn't lead to even greater emotional upheavals, including suicide. Imagine; not being permitted to even *think* freely . . .

We stayed together for nearly three days and I only left when I realised James was beginning to think he was in love with me (instead of with my body). I love the guy dearly but I have no intention of becoming serious with any man—yet!

One thing is certain; James may have been a slow (not to say 'peculiar') starter but, once off, proved himself a very fine and satisfying lover indeed, one who took great pains trying to please me. When I commented upon this he said he wanted to repay my kindness but I have an idea he is just one of Nature's exceptions: a man who actually delights in giving pleasure to girls (instead of delighting in *getting* pleasure from them).

There was a very curious relationship between us, different from all of the other love affairs I've ever had. Probably due to the way in which we started we continued to discuss the most intimate details of love-making with the utmost frankness and neither of us was ever afraid (or ashamed) to say out loud what we thought. We simply asked each other what would please us most and then proceeded to bring it into practice. I had no qualms telling him exactly, and in four letter words, what sort of actions by a man I preferred and it was thus that he became an expert in cunnilingus. As with fellation he had been convinced cunnilingus only existed in the dirty minds of perverted maniacs and it came as a complete surprise to him to learn that both sexual practices were normal procedure between a man and a woman who truly like one another, even in marriage. (Like many men, he'd been under the impression wives should only be approached from the front, in darkness, and always directly into the vagina. I told him that male seed, like cornflakes and yoghurt was on the breakfast table of nearly every healthy bride.)

Having tasted the pleasures of fellation by a girl who knows how to do it (and I *do* know!) he was positively eager to be instructed in the various do's and don'ts of cunnilingus and I was only too willing to be the instructress. It's not often a girl is given such heaven-sent opportunity. Only too often you come up against a lover who proves quite willing to perform cunnilingus but who hasn't a clue about how to do it properly. Most men have only a vague idea of what pleases a girl in that respect and are too pig-headed to ask questions. Any number of times I've been tempted to interrupt an enthusiastic sucker with a '*Do you mind not using your teeth on that particular spot*' or, in some cases, 'Do you mind *using* your teeth there'. You don't want to break the spell and just suffer in silence, often ruining what might otherwise be a damned fine game of sex. The trouble is that all men consider themselves experts in sex and are unwilling to ask (let alone, accept) advice. To find a man who was not only willing to ask but capable of executing instructions to the letter was too good to be wasted and I have to confess I exploited the situation shamefully to such an extent I found it difficult to say goodbye. Maybe that was another reason why I decided to call a halt after three days . . .

James . . . , Newcastle . . . , I'll remember you always and with great affection . . ./*Fiona.*

Communication

An opportunity for serious discussion on subjects covered in this magazine or linked with present society's enlightened attitudes. Readers who wish to submit correspondence to this article should address their letters to: Communication, Men Only, Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Bolt Court, London E.C.4. It is important that you include your name and address on every letter you send—although name, address or both can be withheld from the published correspondence if you request it. Subscribers are reminded that only sincere and genuine letters will be considered for publication.

The Daily Organ

Sir: My attention was drawn to your laughable Daily Organ in which I am by-lined for taking the photograph of Lord Snowdon in sportive action. Now I am all in favour of giving credit where credit's due, but I am a renowned stickler for detail (you should see some of my pictures!) and for this reason I feel compelled to write and point out your error in spelling my name and your failure to show respect to a titled gentleman.

I have often spoken of my pride in being of Italian descent. What I have up till now been reluctant to disclose is my true relationship with several European royal families (this was for professional reasons so that it could not be said that I was cashing in on my royal status). Indeed I am claimant to 152 baronetcies in Italy but allow my countrymen to recognise me by only one title—Frosinone, the province near Rome from where I originate, is always proud to boast this fact and have erected many monuments in recognition of my contribution to mankind.

An additional point which might be of interest to you is that apart from my royal blood, a Bellisario is a direct descendant of the famous Roman General Belisarious who, you might recall, went around conquering indefatigable armies. (That is why in Latin *Belisarious* means 'war-like'.)

Therefore, signor, I must insist on you publishing a correction of your unforgivable mistake and warn you that if you don't I will knock your bloody head off with my telephoto lens.

Ray Bellisario,
38 Hatch Lane,
Harmondsworth,
Middlesex.

Egregio Signor Baron, due to our lack of an Italian Who's Who, *and of the language (the best we can muster is a collective: "Oi! . . . Er Signorina, una Spaghetti Bolognaise e quattro straws!) we stand duly corrected by our Baronmetric correspondent. Too late we realised that, of course, the photograph concerned was not one of yours—you being such a stickler for detail! However we'd love to see some of your pictures—as you'll know, we're sticklers for detail too.* Ed.

Women's Lib.

Sir: I am thoroughly repulsed and angered by your magazine. Even the title is a monthly affront to intelligent women. I am not usually so militant but the regular *Collogue* feature and some of the pandering letters from women printed in *Communication* convince me it is time somebody told you the truth.

Men Only is dedicated solely and exclusively to the consistent denigration of women. As long as there are pretty girls prepared to flash their boobs at a camera, I suppose I can't blame you for gloating over them and in your defence, I will admit the photography is good and the girls are not pubically shorn.

My main beef is about *Collogue*, a series which is patently designed to present women as men like to imagine them. For all their 'daring', their 'outspokenness', the women quoted in this feature are guilty of perpetuating the myth of Woman as the sexual dependant of Man. When you add to this the contents of your steamy postbag of fantasy ladies and indoctrinated kitchen maids, trying to be with it to please their chubby hubbies, you've got a monthly insult to the female sex you profess to love so much.

Just once in your life, why don't you turn the tables? Let's have a feature on the male body beautiful, stretched out and coyly decked up to please the female fantasy. Have a few honest letters, ones that tell the truth about the clumsy, smelly-footed, too quick or regularly impotent male sex. Most of the bragging Casanovas writing to you haven't had an erection since 1916, during which time women have woken up.

Of course women like sex. Of course they enjoy men physically. But they do so on their own terms and in their own individual way. As long as you lend glossy credence to the myth of the big-breasted handmaiden just waiting to please her lord and master, you will remain guilty of encouraging men to use and exploit women and of indoctrinating women to underestimate themselves. Women are not emasculated men and it's time they realised it.

I suggest that you start with a nude photo feature of the Editor. I'd like to see how he reacts to that!

Mrs. Angela Robertson,
27, Green Street, London W.1.

Limply, Mrs. Robertson, limply. Ed.

Discotheque Intercourse

Sir: Last week I had a great and really unusual sex experience. I took my girlfriend to a discotheque on the Saturday night, and it was packed. By 11.00 p.m. you couldn't get on or off the dance floor, and the heat was chronic. I was jammed up against my girlfriend, and that plus the fact I was, as usual, feeling very randy, got me as hard as a brick. I knew if we fought our way out, we'd never get back in so, since it was dimly lit and so crowded, I got my fingers down between us and started rubbing my girl's clitoris through her pants. She was wearing a very brief mini with

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tiny lace pants on underneath. Well, she clung on to me and let me feel her up all I wanted. Nobody took any notice of us so I hooked the leg of her pants out of the way and got to work with my finger until her mouth was hanging open and she was dripping wet.

Making sure everybody near us was fully occupied, I unzipped and whipped my penis out over the top of my briefs. It only took a second to pull her pants aside and then I slid it straight into her. Boy, was I glad we are exactly the same height. Once in, nobody could see what we were doing because we kept our bellies pressed close together and clung to each other for all we were worth. There was no room to dance anyway so I just got my hand on her bum, pulling her onto me and shuffled round the room with the crowd.

It was really great. Each little movement we made seemed to travel straight up to our sex organs and without trying to hurry things we kept it up like that for almost an hour. My girl had three orgasms, burying her face in my shoulder and trembling from head to toe. When at last I came, it seemed never ending and I left it in there until I was soft and could slip it out and back into my briefs without anyone noticing.

I honestly reckon it was one of the best sessions I've ever had. All the other people around excited us both but it was the slow, relaxed way we went about it, just rocking to the rhythm and shuffling about that really made it so great. Take our advice and try it sometime. Now we put on the record player at home and do it. We're getting so good at it I reckon we could do it at the work's dance and not be noticed!

B.S., Birmingham.

Ships in the Night

Sir: Just a year ago, I was sent by the company I then worked for to attend an advertising course at a well-known London hotel. As the course was to last for two weeks, we were booked in at another hotel across the road.

At the beginning of the second week, about two dozen women booked in at my hotel. They had come to London to attend the annual national Women's Guild meeting. Most of them were frumpish and matronly but one of them was very attractive indeed. She was about forty-seven, fair-haired and beautiful.

I first saw her in the bar and could not take my eyes off her for the rest of the evening. I eventually got into conversation with her and found out she lived in the Midlands, was divorced, had a married daughter and was keen on ballet, having once been a ballet dancer herself. At about 1.00 a.m. she said it was time for bed and as I had found out our rooms were on the same floor, I said I would go along with her. While waiting for the lift, I took hold of her and gave her a long kiss, at the end of which she looked at me and said: "Now you've got me wanting more."

On reaching her room, she asked me if I wanted to come in. Of course I said "yes." I sat on a chair by the window and she came and sat on my lap. We started to kiss and I started fondling her breasts. She offered no resistance when I unfastened the bodice of her dress and, after a lot of fiddling about, I managed to expose her breasts which I kissed and sucked. When I put my hand up her skirt, she suggested we should get undressed and I agreed.

When she was naked, I could see perhaps because of her ballet dancing, her figure was super. Her breasts were still firm as were her stomach, thighs and buttocks. She had the

"It looks like a flying saw, Sir!"

body of a much younger woman and was very shapely as well. We climbed into bed and she started to make love to me in a way I had never known before.

Until then, I had led a very conventional sex life but this woman was a true mistress of the art of love. She took my balls in her hand, gently tickling behind them, causing me to squirm with the sensation of it. I almost shouted out when her tongue flicked into my navel and rapidly travelled down until it met the throbbing tip of my erection. I would have loved to have been at the mercy of her tongue and mouth for hours but I had to warn her of my rapidly approaching climax. She understood at once and kneeling astride me, she positioned my penis and sank down upon it as I flooded her with my ejaculation.

She did not release me but moved rapidly up and down upon me while I squeezed her breasts. I do not know how many climaxes she had—who counts at a time like that?—but I know there were many and while they came, I remained erect and subsequently climaxed a second time and those were the best orgasms I've ever had.

It was about 3.30 a.m. before I finally said goodnight and left for my own room. I had arranged to meet her at breakfast but because of the exhausting and very late night I had had, I overslept and missed her. I don't remember where she lives, only that it's in the Midlands somewhere but I do want to contact her again. So, if by some tremendous stroke of luck she should read this letter and recognise the time we had and wants to contact me, perhaps she could write in to *Men Only* and have her address forwarded to me or *vice-versa*.

T.J.,
Welling.

Sex On British Rail

Sir: Having read in recent issues of *Men Only* about various men's experiences on trains, in taxis and even on the London underground, I feel the need to tell a secret I've kept to myself for over a year. I had previously thought my experience was unique.

It was Christmas 1969 when I boarded the night train from London to Edinburgh, travelling home for the school holidays. Imagine how pleased I was to find an empty compartment in which I had the chance to relax after the bustle of travelling across London on the underground.

However seconds before the train drew out, an attractive blonde woman overladen with parcels, literally stumbled into the same compartment. She was about thirty-five but still had an immaculate figure which could easily have belonged to a nineteen-year-old. She was wearing a mauve see-through dress and at the first glance, I could see she had no bra on.

During the first part of our journey, nothing was said. Then totally without warning, she said in a cool voice: "I notice you admire my legs. Would you care to see more?" I was dumbfounded. Perhaps I had made it obvious I was curious to see what lay beyond the blue satin border which was so elegantly displayed between her legs.

Before I could think of an excuse and an apology, she had pulled the blinds down and was alongside me. Her well-proportioned breasts were rolling like the sea in a storm. She guided my hand up between her legs. I could feel the warmth and moisture and started to use my finger as I remembered my friends at school telling me how it got a girl excited easily. A few seconds later, she was on top of me, having taken all her clothes off. She began to strip me. I didn't resist although I felt embarrassed at the thought of being caught in the act.

I was in ecstasy, my hands, tongue and penis working overtime. I explored her superb breasts with their rock-hard nipples and the deep cavern between her legs which seemed to be supplied with a never-ending stream of love-juice. It was all over in a few minutes but those few minutes were the most beautiful I've experienced in my life.

Waking up as the train neared Edinburgh, all I could discover about her was that she was called Angela. This was my first experience of sexual intercourse and I doubt I'll ever have a stranger one or such a pleasant one.

Now every time I travel on a train, my memory automatically takes me back to that night and my unexpected Christmas present.

A.J.R.,
Aylesbury.

Sir: I am writing because a Mr. J.R.A. says today's young do not have as much sex as he did in his day.

I have lived in Greece for the last five years and am now 18. I feel I have not missed much. It Greece, sex is an everyday affair. Being English and having fairly long hair (which all the girls adored), I was able to pick up any girl I wanted.

It all started when I was 14. I was invited to a party every week. I used to spend every day on the beach and by the end of the day, I would always have made several new acquaintances. The regular forms of sex were the sort you would not believe teenagers would get up to. It included playing strip poker. Then when everyone was nude, a bottle would be spun to form couples. They would either stay where they were or go to another room where they petted or even made love.

Another favourite game was midnight bathing in the nude. After the swim, each couple would lie together. Usually I would caress the girl's body indiscriminately and make her nipples erect with my tongue. This usually made the girl laugh which showed the others we were having a good time. Judging by the moaning and heavy breathing you could hear, the others were having an equally exciting time. Then I would roll the girl over and try to bring her to orgasm with my mouth but what with the sand and the salty taste, we seldom succeeded.

At this point, I must confess I never met a girl who was willing to fellate me which was disappointing but the rest was great. Sometimes we enjoyed ourselves so much we would fall asleep on the beach, in each other's arms, until some early riser came along and disturbed us. These people normally left in a very embarrassed state, usually clutching themselves, which gave us much amusement.

These are just a few of the experiences I have had and they show that today's youth is not as inexperienced as the previously mentioned correspondent thinks. From his letter however I deduce that English girls and boys are not as sexually experienced at the age of 15 or 16 as those in the rest of Europe. But I've also noticed young English people abroad act like sex maniacs and perhaps that is the result of deprivation at home.

S.L. (Guildford)
(full name and address withheld at request of writer)

Sex Adventure

Sir: On holiday this summer, I had the sort of sexual adventure most men only dream about. I had spent the morning on the beach and had noticed this very attractive young woman in a clinging swimsuit. She kept looking at me in a very obvious way but I couldn't see quite what I could do about it. However when I wrapped a towel around my middle to change out of my wet trunks, her eyes never left me. At first I felt distinctly embarrassed and then as I kicked off my trunks, I began to feel very excited. I don't know what came over me but I suddenly

had the idea of giving her a look at my equipment. Swiftly I parted the towel and let her see. The effect was terrific. As soon as I was dressed she got up and with a glance over her shoulder beckoned me with her eyes to follow. I did. A few yards along the beach was a row of changing huts. She went into one and as I approached, she opened the door and stood there staring at me. I ducked inside and fastened the door behind me, praying no one had seen.

Motioning me to be quiet, she slipped her bathing suit down to reveal her firm breasts and as I pulled her against me, she started unfastening my trousers. While I kissed her and played with her hard, hot nipples, she had my penis in her hand and was squeezing it tightly. Then backing off from me in the confined space, she lowered her head to my penis and took it in her mouth. I could only stand that for a minute or so, struggling to get her bathing costume down. She released me just as I managed it and stepping out of her bathing suit, she placed my penis against her vagina. She leaned back against the wall of the hut and let me force myself rapidly into her. It lasted all too short a time because I was already so worked up but it was fantastically good.

I dressed quickly and she let me out without a word. However I saw her again next morning, this time accompanied by an elderly couple. Again she slipped away to the changing hut and again she let me in. This went on for three consecutive days. Every morning, I would take her rapidly in the tiny changing hut. After that third, urgent session, I plucked up the courage to ask her to meet me that evening but she refused. She said her husband was joining her that night. The elderly couple I had seen her with were her

parents-in-law. True enough, the next day, she appeared hand-in-hand with a man and refused to acknowledge my existence.

He must have been mad ever to let her out of his sight but I am very glad he did for I had three lovely if unusual days with her.

F.C.D.,
Ashford.

Fiona

Sir: I was thrilled to see Fiona in the nude and to hear she is continuing to write for *Men Only*. I think it would be a crying shame if she stopped the action research for which she is uniquely famed. May I suggest some subjects she could pursue in London along the same lines as her Continental reports?

1 Clothes. What a girl can get away with and where. Let her wear some really revealing outfits to various places and see what sort of a reception she gets.

2 Professional sex. Let her work for a week or so as a call-girl, or a stripper or a hostess in a cheap club and describe her reactions to these experiences.

3 Deviation. In her articles, she only admits to enjoying cunnilingus and fellatio. Could she experiment more widely and tell us all about it?

4 Group sex. If there really are groups who organise orgies, could Fiona join and report?

Fiona has already proved she can handle most things, so why not these assignments?

P.A.B.,
London S.W.7.

Sir: I don't know if you are aware that *Screw*, New York's weekly underground sex newspaper, did carry an article on Fiona's travels recently. They described her as "tall and blonde", adding "she may not have the I.Q. of Miss Greer but she's got better tits and she looks a whole lot juicier." As part of the editorial comment, they continued, ". . . in fact, if she ever decides to product test the American male, we shall exert every bit of persuasion short of kidnapping and the like to ensure she begins her tour by sampling the delights of the *Screw* staff." What about it? Is there any possibility of Fiona undertaking a fact-finding tour of the States to see how the American male stacks up in relation to his European counterpart? I think it would prove very interesting.

Bernard Coleman,
70 Rutgers Street,
Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.

Sir: I find the *Communication* section of your magazine very stimulating and I wish I could contribute something to it but I'm just no good at writing letters. So may I just say: *Fiona, I love you?*

James Franklyn,
215 Kingston Road,
London, S.W.19.

Sir: In Fiona Richmond's nude article, she mentioned she could do a sexual Marjorie Proops. I haven't really had the courage to talk to anyone about my problem but Fiona Richmond could really help.

I left school at seventeen, having boarded at public school where the sexual climate wasn't exactly cool. I have had quite a lot of limited sexual experience since then but I remain a very frustrated guy and sometimes wonder whether I am turning queer. It seems most guys have had intercourse, or they profess to have had, by the age of twenty-one, but not me. What makes it so maddening is that I am better-looking than most blokes around, from which it follows I should have a better chance of pulling the girls but I seem to have some hang-up which gives the birds a red warning light when I go too far. Ultimately what I need

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is some mature, experienced bird like Fiona to show me the ropes but as that isn't possible, can she give me any advice about my problem? I'm sure this hang-up, or whatever it is, is influencing my happiness and present life style.

N.L.
Wolverhampton.

I'd love to help you but you haven't actually told me what the problem is. I can't tell you why you frighten the girls off without more details but I did wonder if perhaps you put them off by being a little over-confident of your good looks. Looks aren't everything as far as a girl is concerned, you know, and there is nothing worse than a man who is always preening himself and looking for compliments. Fiona.

Male Nudes

Sir: We five typists read and thoroughly enjoy *Men Only*, particularly its new format.

It is obvious we are not the only women who read your magazine and we would suggest that to please us and the others like us you publish some photographs of men in the nude as you do with women. It really does not matter whether they are erect or not although this is only a majority view among us.

Janet, Liz, Margaret, Fan and Betty. (Exeter)

Sir: I hope *Men Only* is not so prejudiced, bigoted or, to put it more politely in this instance, girl-orientated as to refuse to accept a word of praise from a self-confessed homosexual. That is what I am and I read *Men Only* regularly. After all, it's got such a sexy title! It's also entertaining and informative, and I must say even *I* can appreciate the beauty and sexuality of your models. Its success with my many bisexual friends is even greater, as you can imagine. We only have one complaint. Yes, you've guessed it—let's have more groovy men in the magazine, solo, or if that is too much for your dedicated provincial readership, together with a nice-looking girl.

Seriously, or rather more seriously, for a magazine that is self-evidently devoted to the enjoyment of sex—for which you deserve a pat on the back—it does seem you are missing out on a potential gay or bisexual readership. In just a few issues, you've hauled the pin-up format into the adult world. Can't you go a bit further and at least admit we exist? We do have other interests, some of which are already catered for in the magazine but more of us would dip our hands into our pockets (for cash!) if you provided us with a corner of our own.

Take your clothes feature for example. It's great but more pictures and a less self-consciously butch text would improve it.

Well if you ignore me, I can always go back to *Queen* I suppose . . .

M.B. (Chelsea)

Men Only *is a heterosexual magazine for heterosexual men (although we receive considerable post from homosexuals who find it a stimulating read), and the inclusion of male nudes would offend many of our readers.* Ed.

Cycling Sex

Sir: Having read Fiona Richmond's article on Edinburgh, I am amazed she finds the Scottish Don so thrilling. He seems to me to have done what any self-respecting male would have done. In fact, he seems barely to have accomplished that. If she had come to Faversham in Kent, she would have seen what men are really made of. For reading her story reminded me of a similar incident that happened to me last summer but which produced much more interesting results.

I was walking down the High Street when I noticed a well-built young lady with a haversack on her back and a map in her hand. Being a gentleman, and also being enticed by the sight of her ample buttocks, showing her shorts, I asked her if I could be of any assistance. She asked me if I could direct her to St. Mary's Church where she wanted to do some brass-rubbings and she pointed to a tandem parked at the kerb. She asked me if I could accompany her and I readily agreed. Within seconds of seating myself on the rear saddle, I found it impossible to pedal for the sight of her buttocks bouncing up and down in the saddle at the end of my nose excited me to near helplessness. She turned round a couple of times and smiled invitingly at me and then lifted herself out of the saddle and began to pedal in that position. I could not restrain myself any longer. I took my hand from the handle-bar and at first just gently touched, then more boldly caressed her buttocks. She began to pedal. I slipped my hand lower so it was between the pistons of her buttocks and she seemed to pedal even faster and turned again to smile at me.

Before I knew it, we were past the church and in the outskirts of the town. She sat down again in the saddle, shouted something to me and turned off into a field. I jumped off the bike with difficulty due to my large erection and began to tear at her shorts. She kicked them off as I undid my trousers and mounted her. It was fantastic, superb, the best lay I have ever had and the position was perfect. It was only when I'd finished and she was entirely satisfied I realised it was because she hadn't taken off her rucksack and this had arched her back in a fantastic way. She then told me she always kept it with her whilst cycling because it contained her brass-rubbings. She showed me these and I must confess they were really interesting. Still, when I think of her now, I certainly think of rubbing, but not brasses!

A. Sothcott, Faversham.

Eskimos

Sir; One Friday night, I went into a pub in Kensington where I met this rather dishy man and I agreed to go back to his flat in North London.

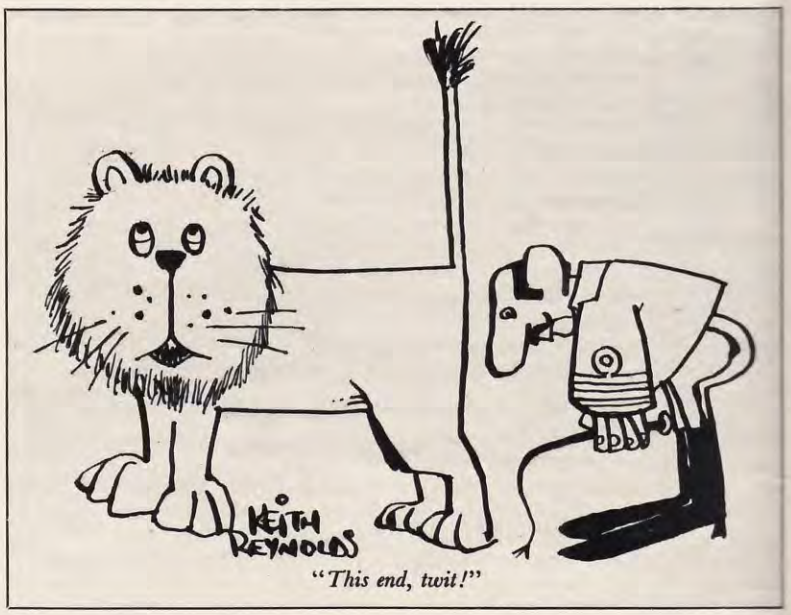
The conversation finally turned to sex and he claimed the Eskimo race are extremely knowledgeable about sex and the males pride themselves on their masterly ability to satisfy a woman in any circumstance.

Naturally this made me feel very sexy and it did not take long for him to make a move. First we had a bath together, then he carried me into the bedroom and put me face down on the bed. Before I realised what was happening, he produced a beautiful cream (he refused to tell me its name) and massaged it into my back. This created a marvellous tingling sensation. When he turned me over, he concentrated mainly on my breasts and pubic area without actually touching my vagina.

Finally he concentrated his attention upon my clitoris. After massaging it, he began biting and tickling it. Then he produced some sort of instrument (he would not name it or let me see it). He used this gadget in my vagina and especially on my clitoris to such great effect it sent me into another world. It was the most sensational and shattering feeling I have ever experienced and it is quite impossible to describe. Then he inserted his penis into me and I had many orgasms, all of which were truly magnificent.

I had always thought Englishmen were the best but after this wonderful night, give me an Eskimo anytime!

Miss A.E. (London)



"This end, twit!"

Alicia and Friends

Tripping in Notting Hill Gate

It didn't start out as a Commune. Alicia and Phoebe met each other one of those frenetic and favourite Friday nights when the Gateways is packed to the rafters. In fact you could hardly get down the stairs and both Gina and Smithy were in a more foul mood than usual, snarling at each other across the room. Alicia was on her way to the bar for a beer when she literally got wedged between Phoebe and a pillar; and boxed in by dancing couples, there was nothing for it but to dance. They grooved-on each other so well that, after spending the weekend together, they decided to shack-up and rented an unfurnished flat in Notting Hill Gate.

"If you're going to do something," said Alicia, "do it properly. This is for keeps so we must have our own things, bits and pieces we choose together."

"But this pad is as big as the Albert Hall and we've got no furniture and no bread."

"So we'll buy, borrow or steal junk."

"I like that. I prefer junk."

They set off the following Saturday morning for the Portobello Road and that's how they met Chips. Chips comes from Canada. His real name, to be

precise, is Charles but when he dropped-out and his rotten old mother threw him out shouting, "Goodbye, Mister," the name 'Chips' just kind of stuck.
Well, it turned out to be a fruitful meeting for all concerned. Chips had nowhere to stay, but some spare bread so it was agreed that he would buy a double divan bed, which could be separated, thus making two and Chips would come and live with Alicia and Phoebe. However, buying a double bed and moving a double bed to Notting Hill Gate are two entirely different things. Of course they never knew how absurdly funny and divine touching in their innocence they looked on the corner of Chepstow Villas and Portobello Road, all three of them lying on this double bed, with Chips the middle, pondering the problem.
Thank God for Ridley and Clive. Cruising along on their wheels, Ridley stuck his head out of the van window and shouted, "What the hell do you three fucking freaks think you're playing at?"
That's how it all started. Honest. Ridley was being chucked out of his flat for blowing his mind so spectacu that the police were called in and Cl was sacked by his landlady for havi a girl in his room for the night. Ridley, in spite of being a head, ha quite a few sticks together, like a be and a couple of chairs, and Clive, in spite of being skint, had some pr cool heavy progressive rock sound an incredible sound equipment. They carted the double bed back to Nottin Hill Gate, and all five collapsed on
"No evil spirits in this place," Clive sighs.
"Well, why don't you move in?" Alicia asks.
"Hot shit!" shouts Ridley.
"We're all virtually homeless," continues Alicia. "And we obviously like each other and get on."
"Yes. So why don't we all just get it together?"
"Yeah. And roll one righteous 'J' t celebrate!" Ridley is incorrigible.

You've never seen a strip light like this!!

FOR MEN ONLY READERS—This is Sally. She strips at the flick of a switch.
Sally's like no girl you've ever met. Prim as the district nurse in the dark.
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"*So* that's *why they call you Ivan The Terrible!*"

A Mild Blow in the Teapot

continued from page 72/"I shudder to think of the irreparable damage this miscreant has done to these poor girls. It wouldn't surprise me if ninety-nine per cent of those featured in his magazine died within days of exposure and double pneumonia. I condemn Richard Deville for being a killer; a killer of young girls." Saying this, Mrs. Bloomer flings an outsize pair of red, flannel bloomers in Richard Deville's face, shouting: "Dress 'em in *these*, young man, and see the difference it'll make."

After order has once more been restored Sir Joshua calls for a surprise witness: the strip-tease artiste known by the stage name of Gypsy Rose Lee.

That delectable lady, looking gorgeous by any standard, clearly relishing the limelight in which she has so often basked, takes the stand while the shrill of wolf whistles rises from the bottom of the Court and muffled shouts of "Up, Rosie!" fall from the galleries.

Gypsy Rose Lee: "The whole art of showing oneself in the nude lies in *not* doing so. The art is in how one undresses, *not* in the actual nakedness. The undressing should be performed with taste and decorum; it should be a feast for the eye, a terpsichorean happening in movement, music, bewilderment, excitement and suspense, ending in a rapid cover-up or darkness. *Teapot*'s girls make no attempt at being artistes; they merely permit the masses to gape at their pubes. All that's lacking to make the whole issue a true cess-pit is the smell."

DR. FREUD:
Access to Pornography might . . . diminish sexual crimes . . . by enabling neurotics to fantasise—and thus accommodate their neuroses.

Sir Joshua, a trifle embarrassed by his witness's peculiar testimony, dismisses her. Sir James refuses to question her and announces that he has done with witnesses for the Prosecution. Instead he calls for the first witness for the Defence: Dr. Sigmund Freud.

The square-bearded, middle-aged Freud approaches the witness box with reluctance.

Sir James: "As the Father of Psycho-Analysis and Psychiatry, what are your thoughts on obscenity, or Pornography, being made freely available to the public?"

Freud: "It is conceivable that it could affect the Personality Development of young persons *if* they were unbalanced in the first place—but it's highly unlikely. Some might find it amusing; most of them would probably not be interested. Interest only comes with puberty."

Sir James: "How about Pornography being made freely available to *adults*?"

Freud: "An excellent thing. Non-neurotic adults would not show much interest beyond initial curiosity while persons in whom certain forms of psycho-sexual retardation was present would find in Pornography a release from sexual tensions and frustrations. It would permit them to channel their energies in more directions with greater efficiency. It would sublimate their desires. Pornography enables them to make fantasies—and thus accommodate—their neuroses. This means that they would not be needing other, *actual* persons, to fulfil their abnormalities. Open access to Pornography would thus diminish sexual crimes."

Sir James: "In your opinion; is *Teapot* fulfilling a useful role?"

Freud: "Undoubtedly."

There are shouts of "Shame!", "Filthy bugger!", "Kick the foreigner out!", "Down with Jews!" and other utterances from the galleries filled with sympathisers for the Prosecution while, from the opposition the clatter of applause and cries of "Good old Siggy!" fall on deaf ears.

Order is only restored when the Judge thunderclaps his gavel.

Undeterred, Sir James Jolly bids Dr. Freud to step down and calls for the great American humorist Mr. Mark Twain.

Twain: "It's impossible to keep obscene, or pornographic, material out of the hands of people hell-bent on acquiring it anyway. These people will get what they want despite all attempts from whatever side to keep them from it, so you might as well save time, trouble and money and let 'em have it."

Sir James: "Do you consider *Teapot* funny?"

Twain: "I consider everything to do with human/*continued on page 104*

HAVE A NEW SEX PERIENCE

For so long in the past, sex has become gradually stilted by hypocrisy and a fear of inadequacy. This has caused a dangerous anxiety to exist between couples in the normally, enjoyable act of making love.
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ORGUS

IN THE GALAXY_PHALANYX_

AFTER ABORTIVE SURVEYS INTO THE POSSIBILITIES OF AN INVASION FROM OUTER SPACE OF THE PLANET EARTH, THE PHALANYX PROBE SHIP MOVES TO 'AREA 70'_GERMANY! TO INVESTIGATE THE ROLE BY THE FEMALE IN SOCIETY, THE ALIENS HAVE CHOSEN OF ALL PLACES___

___THE NOTORIOUS PORT OF HAMBURG AS THEIR FIRST STOP_!

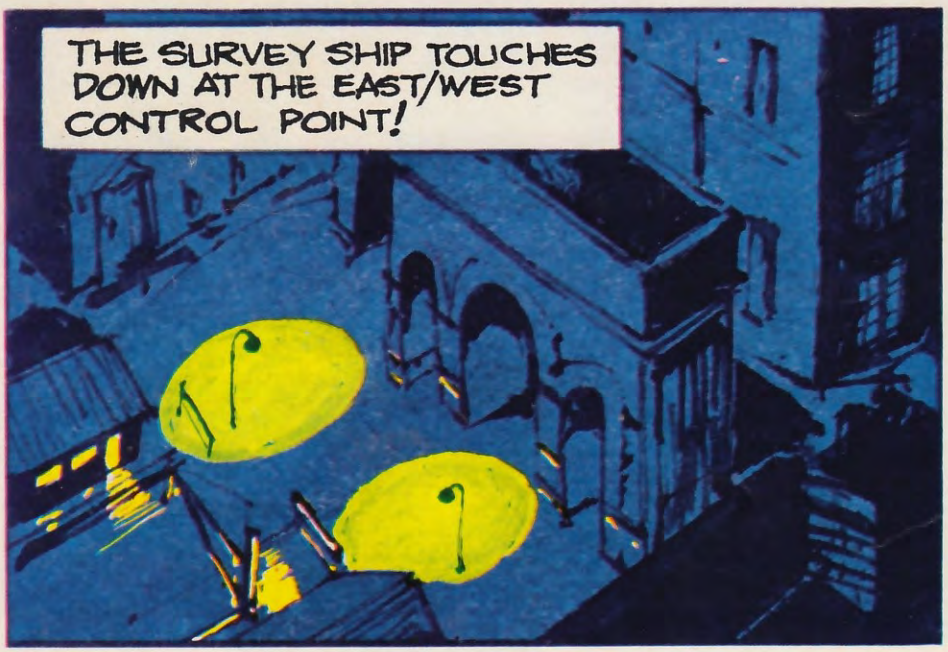
SWITCH TO SILENT OP_ PREPARE TO LAND__

ZLOT AND HER MATE CREEP BY THE DARK STREETS_ ROUND A CORNER_

AH! GOOD EVENING LADIES_ LOOKING FOR_ER ENTERTAINMENT? STEP THIS WAY PLEASE__!

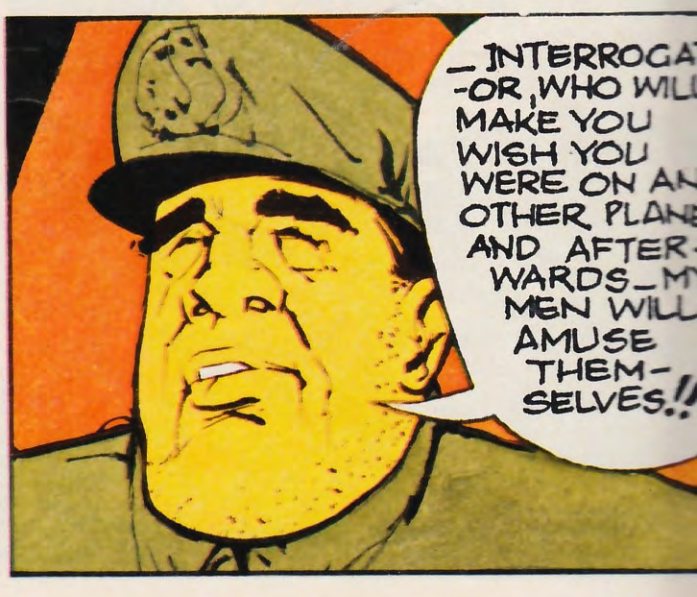
LET ME PRESENT OUR STAR ATTRACTION— PRINCESS HELGA—! THE INFAMOUS RULER WHO WOULD NOT TOLERATE ANY MISTAKES FROM HER MAIDS—
—ONE ANNA IN PARTICULAR— INNOCENT AND MODEST AS THE DEW-KISSED MORNING FLOWER!
EXCUSE ME, SIR— IF SHE HAS DONE NO WRONG, WHY IS SHE BEING PUNISHED IN PUBLIC?
MEIN GOTT! HAVE YOU NEVER EXPERIENCED THE EXQUISITE PLEASURE OF BEING BEATEN—THE PAIN, THE ECSTASY OF THE MOUNTING BLOWS, THE RISING THROBBING—
—SO ANNA—! YOU HAVE NOT AN EXPLANATION— YOU ARE AWARE OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF COURSE! THIS WILL MAKE YOU REMEMBER IN FUTURE—!!

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND THIS. WE MUST LEAVE AND CONTINUE THE SURVEY ELSEWHERE IN AREA 70—


THE SURVEY SHIP TOUCHES DOWN AT THE EAST/WEST CONTROL POINT!

ALT! COME WITH M TO THE CHIE COMMANDA

—SO, YOU ARE FROM ANOTHER PLANET EH? THOSE DECADENT FOOLS ARE TRYING JAMES BOND TRICKS TO INFILTRATE US. WELL, WE HAVE WAYS OF GETTING THE TRUTH—! I HAVE AN EXPERT—


—INTERROGA -OR, WHO WIL MAKE YOU WISH YOU WERE ON AN OTHER PLAN AND AFTER- WARDS—M MEN WILL AMUSE THEM- SELVES!!

---FOUR HOURS LATER!
—YOU WILL NOT CONFESS EH? ENOUGH OF THIS!!
WE ARE NOT SPIES—WE COME FROM ORGUS TO EARTH TO SEE—
DO NOT TOUCH HER EARTHMAN! WHY DO YOU VIOLATE YOUR SPECIES?
REMOVE YOUR HANDS!
—STILL SHOW--ING CONTEMPT FOR THE SOCIAL--IST MOVEMENT? YOU HAVE EITHER BEEN VERY WELL-
-TRAINED OR ELSE YOU ARE EXTREMELY FOOLHARDY! PERHAPS WHEN MY FELLOW GUARDS HAVE HAD THEIR FILL OF YOUR CAPITALIST BODY, YOU MAY RETURN TO INFORM THEM HOW WE DEAL WITH ESPIONAGE—!!
"SPACE PROBE G9—REPORT TO ORGUS—STRONG NEGATIVE TO AREA 70—VIOLENT ANTI-SOCIAL UNREST—NON-SUITED TO FURTHER EXAMINATION—PROGRESS SLOW—STRONG MALE DOMINATION IN ALL FUNCTIONS—REQUEST PERMISSION TO RE-TURN ORGUS BASE—REPORT ENDS."

Presenting the Men Only International Nude Photo Competition

£1000 in cash prizes and the chance to become one of Men Only's resident glamour photographers

Study these photographs of the delightful Fiona Richmond. They're beautiful, exciting and capture all the sexuality and allure of an attractive woman. Do you think that you *could take photographs like these? If the answer is yes, then here's your chance to put your camera where your mouth is. Simply find a beautiful girl with a fabulous figure (important: she must be over eighteen years of age) and get her to sign a form allowing you to take nude pictures of her with a view to publication. Then get snapping. Send us a minimum of twenty-four colour transparencies (either 120 mm. or 35 mm.) and your efforts will be judged by Publisher Paul Raymond and* Men Only*'s Editor Tony Power.*

The winner will receive £700 in cash
The runner-up will receive £200
The entrant placed third will win £100

We can also state, with authority, that the young lady you photograph could do well out of the competition, too—as several of the girls we have featured in the past have been offered film and modelling contracts as a result of their picture sequences in Men Only.

The competition is open for a limited period only—so don't delay. Fill in the form below and send it, together with your securely wrapped entries, to:

Photo Comp., *Men Only*, Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Bolt Court, London E.C.4.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Telephone number (if available) .....

I enclose ..... 120 mm./ ..... 35 mm. transparencies and written permission from the girl in these photographs to send them to *Men Only*. The model is over 18.

Important: Photographers who have had nude pictures featured in *Men Only* or similar magazines and staff members of Paul Raymond Publications (or their families) are not eligible for the competition.

Oral Sex

(From SUBDEAN PUBLISHING 130 Godwin Road, Forest Gate, London E

Teenage Nympho

oral sex!

A Photographic Essay of a Teenage Nympho

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(Scandinavian reprint)

Swedish Bed Maids is a format Magazine-photo illustrated (**similar to Weekend**) and deals with an oral sex orgy. The most vivid, real-life action, oral sex scenes ever to be published in Britain. This book is **NOT** an educational manual, it is meant for your **ENTERTAINMENT**. We present bold, frank photos. The '69 is presented to the full. We present seductive women as they really are—with nothing obstructing or shielding their most vital parts. Similarly the male is not retouched. You should not miss this offer. FOR ONE MONTH ONLY, we can offer you this book for just **£1·50 post free! ! !**

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Next Month in Men Only

The Phone Booth Club

A few months back we became the first magazine in Britain to feature pictorials from America's hottest sex and strip clubs the *Classic Cat* and the *Ali Baba*. Your many letters of appreciation have prompted us to search further into the States for similar exciting night spots—and we finally found the *Phone Booth*. Now this club is really something: so erotic is its stage show that even 'lived-in' Hollywood took a deep breath. Our photographer has captured all the earthy excitement and sex generated at this remarkable establishment (two of its many beautiful performers are pictured above—bottom left and right) and in next month's *Men Only* we publish a long and uncensored colour section devoted to it. Don't miss it!

Christina Lindberg

The sensational Danish film star (pictured at head of page) has won world-wide acclaim for her sensuous rformances in some of Scandinavia's most scandalous sex epics—yet she had never allowed a full frontal pose to be shown of her. All that changes in next month's *Men Only* when Christina—18 years old and a well considered 39-22-36—stars in a memorable photo portfolio. Don't miss her!

Each month *Men Only* presents 100 pages or more of adult reading, histicated photo reportage and original humour. It is—*unquestionably*—Britain's highest selling men's magazine: yet, recently, W. H. Smith & Son refused to distribute the magazine any longer, purely because they considered our approach a little too rank for their liking. If, as a result of this ban, you experience trouble in acquiring *Men Only*, we suggest you go to your local newsagent and ask him to order it personally for you. Alternatively, take out a full year's subscription to the magazine (which costs only £5·40 including postage) and have it delivered to your door without any delays. You, as *Men Only* readers, have made this magazine into the huge success it has become—and we are rmined that no outside body will be allowed to interfere with your choice.

Please send me the next twelve monthly issues of *Men Only*. I enclose a cheque/postal order (made payable to Paul Raymond Publications, Ltd.) for £5·40. Subscription Dept., *Men Only*, 2 Bolt Court, London E.C.4.

Name (block capitals) .....

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Four Dimensions of Greta

A colour film produced and directed by Pete Walker with 3-D sequences

Are you ready for this one? Are you sure? Okay then. You can have it. You asked for it. But, for heaven's sake, be sensible, take some advice. Bring out the tranquilisers and the handkerchiefs—you're in for a tear-jerker. And Bette Davis isn't even in it.

Boy has girl. Girl loses boy. Boy meets another girl. Boy almost gets got by boy who's had yet another girl . . . and so it goes round and round. Sound familiar to you? Well, I can't see any reason why it should. After all, this is no formula flick. And now fasten your seat belts and wait for it. The plot unfoldeth and it's gonna be a bumpy night.

A young German journalist, Hans, is sent to London to trace the whereabouts of a missing German au pair girl called Greta. He packs his bags, pokes his girlfriend, Karen, and begins the quest. Since he has been employed by the girl's parents to locate her, one wonders why the writer has made Hans a journalist and not a private detective. Obviously he hasn't been watching enough television lately.

He pays a visit to a family in Surbiton (Surbiton? Well, maybe Motspur Park or Neasden) and receives a very cold reception by the lady of the house. I use the term 'lady' loosely: I *think* she was George Brown in drag and her breath was so bad it could frost glass. She tells him that Greta stayed only two days and then left for parts unknown. Now, I'm asking you: who could stay longer than two days in Surbiton? Hans makes a hasty get away, too.

Having been to England before, during his sex-starved student days, Hans looks up an girlfriend . . . no, no, not that, *that* comes later . . . he her up and she decides to him out on the town. Just for Time's Sake, you understa Right. During an evening which their relationship blosso Hans meets an all-go go-go played by Minah Byrd—rem ber her? From the Febru issue of *Men Only*? Exactly. W she knows Greta. Such coi dence makes the mind bog And she wastes no time tel Hans exactly where Greta living in London with a cou of other German chicks. there's a catch—there alway a catch—the trio has split up only one of the girls, Serena still in the flat. Now, Serena adopted the groupie life with a musician.

In this, the first 3-D flashb sequence, Serena tells Hans t Greta has been living a co pletely debauched life. Ga Imagine! Tsk, tsk! Bloody gusting! Yes, you've guessed Groping-groupie Serena has lot of room to talk. It only ta her thirty seconds to extend invitation to Hans to join her her musician friend on the for a quick and groovy threeso Hans blushes (all German priv dicks blush) and leaves the cou doing what it is that couples after people leave. Ahem.

Finally our man in Lond finds the second flatmate, Kirst who is working (if you can ca that) as a stripper in So Infamous Soho. Kirsten beg the second 3-D sequence telling Hans of Greta's m boyfriends and lurid sex Hot-damn-Sam-Son-of-a-G The stripper weaves a tale ab

a footballer, Roger, and a small-time crook, Carl. Well, just in case you ever bump into Serena or Kirsten at a party, let me tell you straight away, they are *not* to be trusted with confidences.

Hans and Sue set off to find them. Eventually, they come across Roger. He's out of training, owing to severe injuries. He tells them in this, the third 3-D sequence, that his relationship with Greta is one of tender love. It is clear from his account that he sees her as a lovely, vivacious but innocent girl. It's *Love Story* all over again. Just listen to the music. Roger is terribly worried about Greta and fears that she may be in Carl's evil power. Curses. He explains how Carl pursued poor Greta and how his own injuries were caused when he gallantly jumped in to protect Innocent Greta from Evil Carl. Of course it was no good. Greta got raped anyway. Some people have all the luck!

Hans then dashes to a telephone and dials Germany. Now this is ridiculous unless the director intends a bit of surrealism. *Dials* Germany? You can't even dial *Bayswater*. Okay. So he goes through the operator. After delivering his report to the proper authorities, he speaks with Karen. Uh, oh. Here it comes. Pass the box of Kleenex, please. Karen rabbits on about wedding plans . . . more music . . . and the latest news in pots and pans while Hans can think only of Sue who can't boil water. Well, I suppose that Karen can always boil the rice . . .

After the phone call, Hans and Sue enlist Roger the Lodger's aid. Through him, they locate Carl and find out that he's a pretty nasty piece of work. In the final 3-D sequence, Carl unravels his version of the sordid tale. Sneer. According to Carl, and this gets more like *Peyton Place* every day, Greta threw herself at him shamelessly. *Naturally*, he rebuffed her but she was ever so persistent. Krauts always are. Finally he gave in but he got so tired of the old bag that he finally had to throw her out into the street. You can almost see a halo forming above his head. Carl, picture of innocence that he is, has no knowledge of the unfortunate girl's whereabouts and tells the pair that he's real sorry. Got the picture?

Right. So does Our Hero. He doesn't believe the crook and sets Sue as bait in order to get the creep to confess. Through the efforts of clean-living Prue—I mean Sue—we discover that Greta has gone into hiding. Surprise, surprise.

Crappy Carl wants some sort of reward for his information. And when Sue doesn't come across with the goods, he becomes violent. Suddenly afraid that Hans and Sue are The Law, he begins to torture Sue sadistically. But . . . aha . . . not before Sue is able to inform Hans of Greta's hiding place. Fantastic!

In the final scenes . . . more music and tears and Kleenex . . . Roger takes Greta in his arms. Love's sweet dream come true. At London Airport, Roger says goodbye to Greta tenderly—but Tenderly—and she promises to return. Shit! That means a sequel.

Our lovers, Sue and Hans, part, knowing they'll never see each other again. Let's face it. It can't end happily for everybody.

And as the sun sinks with a soggy thud into the polluted sunset (rather like the sound of an ageing grandmother rolling down a Hollywood staircase), love's young dream fades into a mirage. Sigh.

Which just goes to prove something, I'm sure.

Well, what can I say? You pays your money and you takes your choice. Admit it, when you walked into this place you didn't realise what you were getting yourself into.

Fear not: this is only a figment of your demented imagination.

Man, Myth and Masochism

continued from page 12

A slender waist, tight-laced and trim,
exaggerates her charms
While high-heeled boots enhance the potency.
In leather corset, rubber cloak, a whip
poised in her hands,
A more compelling sight one could not see.

Oh, Womanhood, I worship thee—Oh,
Rubber, I am thine!
Thy dominance extends from crib to grave.
Combined thou hast a power which is irresistible
And I, for evermore, will be thy slave!

Readers will note the significant reference to rubber in the above. We consider the line in the last verse, "Thy dominance extends from crib to grave" particularly apposite and succinct in view of the nursery experiences involving rubber and a 'stern' female.

Here is another highly imaginative and neatly constructed piece of work, by Mario Latti, which really sets the seal on our theme of exaggeration.

Extremist

My life is governed by this simple rule—
One cannot have too much of something good
In masochistic bliss I set no bounds,
I'd go beyond all limits if I could.
Grown sated with the commonplace in sex—
Its tastes and perfumes, feelings, sounds and sights,
I ventured into secret avenues,
Exploring mystic, esoteric rites.

I soon discovered I was not alone
In holding my extremist points of view,
That Domination Dream Girls do *exist,*
With figures 50-18-42!
But why stop there? Why should I draw a line?
When female flesh is good and I want more.
So give me 60-20-49
And 67-30-54!

I crave to be completely overwhelmed
By luscious, cruel femininity,
To have my senses ravaged and outraged,
Degraded to the Ultimate Degree.
I care not what the common herd may think.
If half *my thoughts were known, they'd be amazed.*
I have no inhibition, shame or guilt—
I'm breasts and buttocks mad, submission crazed.

Sensations that I crave grow more bizarre—
To hear and smell, to feel and taste and see.
Tonight I am submitting to Yvonne's
Compelling 50-19-43.
But as I gasp and moan beneath her yoke,
Humiliated, barely half alive,
I know that in my mind she will transform
To stunning 80-30-65!

My thoughts become increasingly grotesque
As, steadily, humiliation mounts,
With fantasies of flesh the like of which,
In saner mood, the reason quite discounts—
Great open-ducted nipples thrusting out,
Two inches long with arrogance and heat,
Black, velvet ribbons in a dainty bow
Around the rigid flesh of each huge teat!

No limit!—none at all—why should there be?
I'm masochistic crazy and I'm glad!
Subdue me with thy buttocks, proud Yvonne,
Because you know I'm breasts and anus mad.
Come, bring the apparatus, stern Yvonne
And tube me up before it is too late,
Before I spend in Fantasy Sublime
To monstrous 90-18-68!

This obsession with hyper-feminine development, so characteristic of masochistic fantasy, is certainly not limited to masochists, as an inspection of any contemporary magazine or 'porno' shop will show. The emphasis is predominantly on exaggerated breasts (typical magazine titles include: *King Size*, *38-24-36*, *Over 42* and *Big Boobs*) but large buttocks come a pretty close second (*Bottoms Up*, *Fat Mama*, *Fabulous Fannies*, etc.).

It is impossible to assess how much the undoubted popularity of these and similar publications is dependent upon breast and buttocks fetishism (which was the subject of another of our investigations) and how much on sado-masochism. We suspect it to be about fifty-fifty.

Masochists are usually logical people, with a passion for exactitude and detail. It can be argued that the perfectionist is masochistically inclined, since he makes life very hard for himself by constantly striving for the unattainable. While we would not suggest that all perfectionists are masochists, we state with confidence that all masochists are perfectionists—at least insofar as the realisation of their fantasies is concerned. It is for this reason that they are prepared to go to such extreme lengths and spend such vast sums of money on the type of equipment we have already described.

When it comes to realising the 'Ideal Mistress', the masochist is no less thorough. While few women approach the exaggerated type of figure of his dreams, he can get a reasonably convincing portrayal of what he craves if he is prepared to engage a really accomplished sadistic call-girl and provide her with sufficient money to build up a wardrobe of tight-laced corsets, high-heeled boots, wigs and the extensive array of other accessories—cosmetic, prosthetic, decorative and functional—to create the desired illusion.

Many masochists do precisely this, and there are thousands of 'Mistresses' throughout the country who live lives of indolence and pleasure because of it. Any sadistically inclined, reasonably attractive female with a bust size of thirty-nine inches or above (the bigger the better) has a head (or breast) start over her less generously endowed sisters.

So much for the *exaggeration* embodied in the figure of the 'Mistress,' but what about the *opposites?*

The paradox is this: while he wants his Mistress to be a hyper-feminine Super Woman in respect of her fleshly attributes, the masochist requires her to show decidedly masculine characteristics in her demeanour and in her harsh treatment of him. The facial features of the archetypal 'Cruel Mistress' are also more masculine than feminine, as are the trappings—leather boots, spurs, and whips, etc.

Frequently, there is also a minor (occasionally major) fetishism associated with male masochism, in addition to the well-known ones of leather, rubber, furs and velvet, and this is a preoccupation with hirsuteness of the female body. We are not referring simply to the pubic hair, but to axillary, abdominal, dorsal, anal, pectoral and even facial growths.

This obsession with a predominantly male characteristic in a woman is an astonishing phenomenon and is yet another illustration of the masochist's love of the paradoxical.

During the course of this article we have examined many different manifestations of this and will conclude with two more—one trivial, the other all-embracing. First the trivial:

It is significant that many of the whips used by the more imaginative type of sadistic call-girl to flagellate her clients, have delicately fashioned, ornamented handles, often with a dainty ribbon bow. This is a nice example of paradox.

Now the all-embracing which, in one way or another, affects every one of us. We have touched on this before, but will develop it to its logical conclusion. It is absolutely crucial—more so in the social field than in the sexual. The masochist is really a sadist. The borderline between the two is blurred and its position is constantly shifting. Masochism, as we have shown, is a way of hitting back. Many husbands have discovered to their cost that a carefully staged show of submission and helplessness on the part of the wife is, in truth, an expression of an implacable female will power.

The renunciation of one's own power and the thrill of its being exercised by proxy (as in the case of the masochist and the prostitute) has immense significance in all our lives.

Nazi Germany is the supreme example of sado-masochism. The individual totally renounced his own will and submitted to a dictator who took charge of all wills. And mark this, the more violent and brutal the ambition of the person who is deprived of his freedom, the more completely will he surrender to the will of the person who oppresses him and the more terrible the potential back-lash if things get out of control.

Adolf Hitler, as figurehead of the Nazi regime, was not so much a brutal dictator as an impersonation of the many individuals who exalted him. Each of them participated in his power and relished it. Each identified with him and visualised what he, himself, would do if the position were reversed. MG

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A Mild Blow in the Teapot

continued from page 89/behaviour funny, and I can't think of any form of behaviourism funnier than that to do with sex. The idea of one human being going to the most extraordinary lengths to join his own body to that of another is so comical that it's side-splitting. Mr. Deville illustrated this extremely well by having a badger fellate an aardvark. Curiously enough, the idea of a badger fellating an aardvark in the great outdoors isn't half as peculiar as some of the incredible sights I've seen in human bedrooms. If you like, I'll name you a couple of people whose antics in bed would make you quake with laughter."

Defence bids the American to stand down and calls the infamous Adolf Hitler.

Sir James begins by asking the Fuhrer if he enjoys reading *Teapot* and, when the Dictator curtly says "No", asks him to give his reason.

Hitler: "Because *Teapot* makes no distinction between the races. *Teapot* doesn't recognise the fact that the Aryan race is the most superior race ever developed and that all communications with other, inferior, races should be conducted at gun point. It goes as far as to imply that Jews and Negroes are equal in intellect, beauty and virility with the Aryans and, on several occasions, its pages are spattered with photos depicting sexual activities going on between members of mixed races." Hitler has completely lost control of himself and stands screaming like a lunatic.

Sir James's next witness, the Marquis de Sade, causes even sharper reactions.

The Marquis takes the stand with all the arrogance of a French aristocrat who knows his name has become a byword in the world.

De Sade (with scornful laugh): "Phew! Psawgh! Fiddlesticks, Sir. *Teapot* is a typical middle class, insipid publication advocating bourgeois coupling, a certain, restricted kind of Freedom of Thought within the confines of an untutored intellect —not to mention some rather dreary art-work masquerading under the false title of 'erotic expression'."

Sir James: "As the undisputed expert on the subject of Sadism, would it surprise you to learn that *Teapot* has been accused of advocating 'sadistic sex'?"

De Sade (indignant): "Laughable! I doubt if the publication knows the meaning of the word 'sadism'. Take page 58. It starts a strip cartoon which sets out to tell the story of a simple girl who, according to artist and editor, falls into the wrong hands, the hands of a sadistic monster. In drawing number 6 the heroine, who bears the bourgeois name of Nell, is raped by three arch Sadists. Ludicrous! All that happens is that Nell is made to have sex with the trio in a somewhat uncomfortable position, bent over a big base drum. What is sadistic about that? Mon Dieu! What perfect possibilities were lost first to flog little Nell within an inch of her life and then have the actual rape committed by, say, an oversized ass whose tool would be so much better to inflict intense pain upon a fresh virgin—intense pain being an absolute essential ingredient for true Sadism. But worse opportunities are missed. In cartoon 11, Nell is submitted to have sex with two men simultaneously, one man taking up the suburban 'dog-from-behind' position while the other has himself fellated by her. What is sadistic about that? Do the men, say, make incisions into her full breasts with tiny pocket knives? Do they tear off any nipples? I ask you—where is the sadism in two nondescript, respectful men having intercourse with one woman? Doesn't that happen *every* night in *every* well-run home? This is a weak-livered magazine for inferior intellects who derive enjoyment from reading and seeing pedestrian forms of sex performed by pedestrian men and women."

MARQUIS DE SADE:
'I ask you—where is the sadism in two nondescript, respectful men having intercourse with one woman?'

The Prosecution bluntly refuses to ask questions. Finally de Sade is asked to stand down whilst hisses, boos, whistling, jeers and applause break the silence. Sir James calls the accused Richard Deville to the witness box.

Deville: "I, together with all other human beings, have a desire for the good things of life to spread among wider circles of people as a social and political aid and as a measure towards a new orientation after the shock to traditional beliefs and habits caused by all great upheavals in thinking. Whether or not the new ideas are better or worse than the old ones is immaterial as no philosophy can be judged in its infancy; they only help to create a wider interest in philosophical and other problems. But, by their criticisms, they compel thinkers to probe more deeply into the questions raised.

"My philosophy is one of epistemological and ontological idealism. I hold that all objects of sense-perception are in ceaseless flux, undergoing incalculable changes. No universal truth can therefore be asserted ever at any given time. 'Form' is imminent in matter, the ideal is imminent in the material, the universal is imminent in the particular; they are not generally divorced from each other, they are distinguishable but not separable. I merely wish to propagate a sense of unity in all nature. Since fellation is an accepted form of sexual expression among most animal species, including Man, I consider a broadening of contact *between* the species advantageous for a complete understanding of Nature."

Asked to explain the meaning behind the painting of the 'nude with leprosy' which had evoked da Vinci's wrath, Deville says that it was intended as an allegorical representation of Man's Spiritual State in the Seventies. "The nude," he added, "is registering a protest."

During his speech, the rowdier elements among the reactionaries have taken up threatening poses and are calling for the Death Penalty while others are roaring their approval at the new 'apostle'. A third category, happily surprised at this unexpected turn of events, simply encourage both parties to have a go.

It is in this atmosphere of confusion and cacaphony that Richard Deville explains the deeper meaning behind *Teapot*'s article on musical farts.

Deville: "It is merely an attempt to come to terms with our own nature. It's all very well to place ourselves 'above the beasts in the field', the facts remain we still *are* beasts and, what's more, that we should not be ashamed to admit it. Let's be proud of our bodies. We eat in public; why relieve ourselves in private? We all eat, we all go to the bog, we all copulate. Everything to do with our bodies is natural, including that most despised of all shameful habits: farting."

Pandemonium rocks Olympus.

For a short time the Judge chucks thunderbolts indiscriminately. But, when this has no effect except to increase the general mayhem, he retreats in high dudgeon and leaves Mount Olympus for what it is: a thoroughly human battlefield full of thoroughly human animals, mixing it freely according to individual tastes and dictates.

At this point the Public Stenographer is hit by the Public Prosecutor and by the Attorney for the Defence. And the report on the trial of Richard Deville, author, publisher, reformer, anarchist and revolutionary, ends abruptly.

Memoirs of Amy
A Victorian Diary

continued from page 30/raised my chemise, last cover between him and my oozing vulva.

He could hardly wait to take off his trousers.

Seldom have I seen a ramrod stand as hard and stiff as Philip's. For a few moments he allowed me the indescribable pleasure of looking at this mighty engine, its big purple head, gleaming darkly, his ponderous heavy sack and the black forest from which they both grew. I slid my hand along his shaft and, gripping it guided it feverishly into my private harbour. He was mad with lust and tailed me most voluptuously while responded by putting my arms around him and pressing hard against his long and muscular body as perfect as marble, almost fainting with pleasure as his large tool, so ardently desired for weeks, was at last permitted to have me as vigorously as it liked. Again and again dear Philip battered and I could feel him burrowing deeper and deeper until I feared he'd burst my poor little nook.

The end came as always: delicious movements mingling in every part hot, quick, thrilling short digs and then, the torrents of two volcanoes of love bursting forth simultaneously mingling their lava flows.

Philip left the way he had come discreetly by the garden door. I was still pleasurably fatigued when Lucille entered the room carrying a tray with tea and biscuits.

"How was it, darling Amy?"

Saying this the girl kissed my lips not the way we kiss in public, but the way lovers do, sucking each other and exchanging liquids. I could feel her quivering and knew she was savouring Philip's mouth.

"How lucky you are, Amy, to have tasted such."

Lucille towelled my body dry.

"My Alfred saw you in *Love's Wonder* at the Alhambra. He says you must have the most beautiful body in the whole world and I can only agree, darling."

Saying that she ran her fingers through the thick hairs of my mound, darting forward to kiss my little slit. For one second I felt her tongue touching my clitoris and I could hear her inhale Philip's aroma which was sure to be still lingering in that spot.

"Tell me, Amy darling; was Philip a good one? Oh, my darling, tell me, tell me! Did you respond well? Did you kiss his pego?"

Promptly at six sharp my equipage stood before the door and I drove home in a rosy haze. Surely, there is nothing more exhilarating than a fresh love.

Tonight Herbert must come to my bed. It will make me re-taste my beautiful afternoon with darling Philip. I wonder how long he'll last. What a pity no love lasts forever. But I mustn't be sad on this of all days. There are still many pleasures ahead . . .

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We're giving it to you straight. Lui is for men and for men only.
lui
PRIVATE DEODORANT DRY SPRAY
lui
PRIVATE DEODORANT DRY SPRAY
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Miss Penelope Hunt

Men Only Girl

April

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